

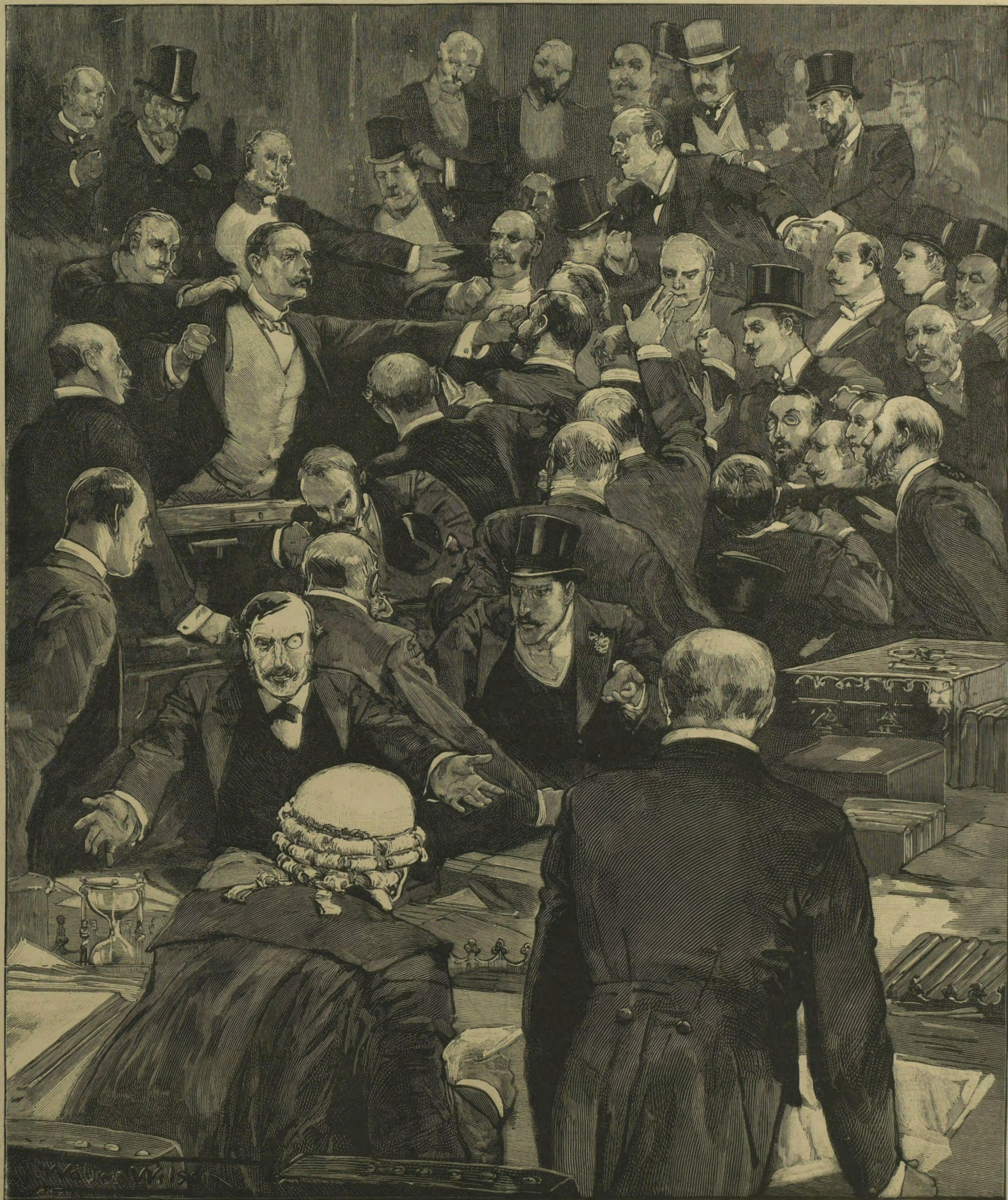
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THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, THURSDAY, JULY 27.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If the present inversion of our English seasons is to continue, we shall have to make other arrangements for our holidays. As our City friends express it, we have "discounted the summer." To see the rain coming down in July was only what might have been expected, but it was no more agreeable than the meeting of an overdue bill. One may have no more wish to say anything against science than religion, but one cannot help feeling that confidence in the barometer is getting to be misplaced. What is the use of the glass rising, as it still does occasionally, if the rain falls? It is pitiful to see the poor hotel visitors at our health-resorts flattening their noses against "the streaming pane," and quoting ridiculous proverbs about "the pride of the morning," and "rain before seven, fine before eleven," to keep up their spirits. The demoralisation caused by such weather is also serious. Flirtations have almost become compulsory; there is pool in the billiard-room all the morning, entirely due to the wet, and it is even rumoured (though one is loth to credit it) that whist is surreptitiously commenced in private sitting-rooms immediately after luncheon. I say nothing of the assurances given by the flymen that it is going to be a fine afternoon, for perjury of that description is natural to all their tribe, but it is shocking to hear the hotel manager prophesying smooth things with the wind in the west and the rain everywhere. There is one reform which one does hope will be brought about by this sad state of things. There must be an improvement in our hotel libraries. Not only are the "Hundred Best Books" absent from those melancholy shelves, but there is not half a hundred even of the worst. Secretaries of literary institutes and clergymen are always writing to authors for their works, but it would be much more charitable to supply them to hotels, and from what I know of my profession I am sure we would be glad to do it—and at no higher than the ordinary rates. Why should not "the library" be put down in the hotel bills? It would be much more reasonable than the charge for attendance. In case this excellent idea is taken up, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be honorary secretary for all the hotels in England, and to select the novels.

I wonder, by-the-bye, who does select the present hotel literature, or, rather, how it comes to be agglomerated; no other word befits these melancholy and indigestible collections: those in the ante-rooms of our consulting physicians can alone be compared with them, but they are, perhaps, presentation copies from grateful amateur authors who have been cured of every disease except the *cacoethes scribendi*. There are, no doubt, grateful hotel guests, but they would scarcely dower the establishment with second volumes of popular novels, odd annual numbers of ancient magazines, and the less known works of Mr. John Bunyan. My belief is, they have been originally stolen, and purposely left behind by felonious visitors. About 25 per cent., I notice, have the addresses of circulating libraries on them, and all different.

The cup of cold water that once typified a charity within reach of the humblest has lost its signification. It is still charity, but under some circumstances by no means of a cheap description. A woman in Cornwall has been prosecuted by a water company for giving a pitcherful to a poor neighbour in time of drought. Both giver and receiver were fined half-a-crown apiece by the bench of magistrates, who, however, were good enough to say that they did not think either of them had acted with bad intentions. The introduction of Christianity into so remote a neighbourhood is doubtless rather recent, but the occurrence—somehow—reads strangely in a religious light.

Mr. Walter White, whose death at upwards of eighty years of age has just been recorded, is probably one of the last of our amateur pedestrians in England. Walking, except in the form of climbing, and that only in the Alps, is going out and has been almost superseded by cycling. It is more than doubtful, however, whether any devotee of the wheel will give us such an interesting account of his ramblings as we find in "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End." The two-wheeled steed runs too fast for accurate observation and requires almost as much attention as though it had four legs. The rider is more often bent upon doing so many miles in so many hours than on cultivating a taste for the picturesque, and what he has to tell you of his travel is mostly of his own vehicular adventures and "shaves." The pedestrian had plenty of time before him, walked or loitered as he pleased, and made companions of his fellow-travellers instead of running over them. Still, he had his knapsack to carry—a very unpleasant piece of luggage, whether there is a field-marshal's bâton in it or not. When I was young and foolish I went to Switzerland with a knapsack, but I must do myself the justice to say that after the first half-mile I perceived the wisdom of getting somebody else to carry it. It is, indeed, the golden rule of the road of life to get this done by deputy, and I only wish it was possible to get somebody else to walk for one as well, while we ourselves remained at the twenty-fifth milestone or thereabouts.

Whether recent accounts of the theft of the Gainsborough portrait are to be credited or not, they seem to emphasise the fact that it is useless to steal a comparatively modern picture, which everybody knows and is talking about, with any hope of turning it to ready money. If this is your object, you should select pictures of far older masters, as in the case of the robbery from the Suffolk Gallery, and offer them to art experts. They will refuse to believe that they are original—it is impossible, they will tell you, to deceive a professional judgment in a matter of that kind—but they will pay about the tenth of the price for them they would be otherwise worth as being "of the same school." This is about the rate which receivers of stolen goods pay for commodities about which they are not deceived.

Hair powder, we are assured by a weekly contemporary, is coming in again, not among the classes but the masses. It is not used to brighten the eyes and heighten the complexion, but to conceal the ravages of time, and not so much by the fair as by the male sex. The employer is wont to shake his head at the candidate for work with a white head, but if all heads are white, this will be no longer a disadvantage. When one sex is powdered and the other not it behoves them to be circumspect in their flirtations. If a different coloured hair from his own is found on a gentleman's shoulder, presence of mind suggests to him the obvious explanation: "I have been riding in a hansom and the horse was brown or bay, or grey" (as happens to be necessary); but from whatever air the wind may blow, it will be difficult to explain the presence of hair powder.

One does not wonder that jurymen endeavour to get exemption from serving; it is only a few persons who find flattery from the most eminent counsel an equivalent for draughts, inconvenience and official impertinence; but there should be some sort of reason in their excuses. If a man is deaf it is clear he is liable to make little mistakes—as between the prosecutor and the prisoner, for example; but the plea put in by a jurymen at the Old Bailey the other day of having a wooden leg does not strike one as logical; indeed, with one leg instead of two, he would be less likely to "put his foot into it."

One is sorry to read in the *Hospital* that medical men are, as a rule, now very far from prosperous, as is shown by the grants of the British Medical Fund. It is true that all other professions tell the same tale, and while the supply of members exceeds the demand must continue to do so; but the doctors are friends to us all, which can hardly be said of those who pursue other callings, and will have universal sympathy. There is no profession, perhaps, in which the difference of income is so marked, in proportion to the difference of intelligence; for though the faculty can boast of its men of genius, there are physicians favoured by the winds of fashion whose skill is no higher than that of those who seldom earn a guinea. There is no calling, on the whole, so hardly worked and so poorly paid; and what is not to the credit of the community, what is owed for their services is often the debt we discharge the last because it is the least likely to be sued for.

We lose one of the greatest of our Arctic explorers in Dr. John Rae. He was a rare example of one who has gone through exceptional experiences with conspicuous success and retained an original modesty of character. While manifesting no desire to talk of his exploits, he was a most intelligent narrator of them. He always expressed a confident opinion that the Arctic regions supplied game enough to admit of any expedition, composed of good shots, being self-supporting, and attributed all failures in this respect to the want of skill. The members of his own party, who remained two years there, were not sailors, but belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and they found an ample supply of game.

A computation has lately been made of the athletic public which curiously contrasts with the general view of the matter. It is commonly supposed that the number of those who join in open-air sports has of late years greatly increased, whereas it appears this has only been the case with the lookers-on. In all London there are not, we are told, above 4000 football-players out of an adult population of 800,000, and "not more than one per cent. of men between twenty and forty who play any athletic game at all." Considering how widely the subject is discussed, the difference between talking and doing is remarkable. It seems we have been grossly imposed upon by sedentary persons in suits of flannel, "blazers," and straw hats.

The science of gardening, including orchid culture, has long been held among the most quiet and peaceful of pursuits; but the collecting of orchids must be classed, if M. Hamelin's account of it is to be credited, in a very different category. Those who wear them in their button-holes little know what has been got through to get them. Adventures in savage lands where manners are none and customs disgusting; friendships with persons of position, which entail in case of their accidental demise the alternative of being greased and burnt alive, or marriage with their widows; and worse than all, the probability of being jumped upon by the *Proterocrypta ferox*, a small tiger who lives in the foliage of the *Eulophiella*. "They are not big,

but extremely ferocious, rending the victim from back to shoulders [an unexpectedly reverse movement] and mangling him in a frightful manner." For my part, if I had to procure the flower in question, I would rather run the risk of procuring it from somebody else's garden.

No wonder oysters are dear. A man of science who has been giving his attention to them has catalogued their natural enemies, and they are many. Of course they die in their beds, but by no means of old age; they are wiped out by "the sponge," to resist whose attacks the poor bivalve "concentrates its energies on thickening its shell," an operation which drains its constitution. When it opens it for a little fresh air (or the reverse) "a drain," the star-fish puts one of its spokes in it, just as you put your foot in a door to prevent its closing: it does close, but the star-fish is elastic, and doesn't mind, but quietly proceeds to digest him. The dog-whelk is a still more objectionable foe, "boring round holes through its shell and picking out its more delicate bits at leisure." Barnacles have the same fastidious taste; and, finally, the oysters themselves "fight with one another for their livelihood like small tradesmen in a country town." After such experiences as these, to find themselves served up with brown bread and butter and a slice of lemon must be a euthanasia.

There is no prettier adjunct to a public garden than a flock of tame pigeons, an endless attraction to both youth and age. In London they are tame enough, as anyone may see who walks by St. James's Palace into its Park; but these birds are of the street, and their innocent boldness—though no one harms them, not even the rough—is wasted on the ordinary passenger. Why should they not beautify Kensington Gardens or even Hyde Park, where they would prove harmless, but probably successful, rivals to the agitator and the atheist? I know no prettier sight than is to be seen every summer day in the Pavilion Gardens at Buxton, for example, than the familiarity of the pigeons. When we see in a picture some young girl bearing these beautiful birds on her head and bosom, like "a branch of Mayflower with the bees about them," we are apt to think their friendliness exaggerated; but here we see them alighting on every limb of the delighted visitor, importuning him for crumbs, which, I am sorry to add, they fight for with one another in a way that reminds one of the animadversions of Dr. Watts. Those little beaks, one would think, were never made to peck at that burnished plumage, though it is fair to add they spare one another's gentle eyes. It is good, says the author of "Festus," to be a great black crow, "for no one doth eat him wherever he go"; and it ought to be as good to be a pigeon, for though Thomas Ingoldsby tells us that when he hears one "warbling by" the idea instantly strikes him "How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie," there is very little "on" the pigeon when his feathers are off, while for beauty and grace, when in life, there is no bird to be compared with him.

A discussion is going on in the papers as regards the advisability of boys having home lessons. If, by these are meant the thing called a "holiday task," it is, indeed, of little use; a perfunctory affair at best, and very often performed by deputy in the person of some older relative; but six or seven weeks of absolute idleness are surely a mistake. If that is not time enough to acquire much it is plenty of time to forget things, and even the boy himself begins to yawn before he has got to the end of it. The system of long hours of labour and intervals of total leisure, may be necessitated by the nature of the case in certain avocations, but for educational purposes a modest amount of work daily is surely preferable to a system of high pressure at schools alternated with sloth at home. Moreover, the proverb that assigns to a certain personage the faculty of finding mischief for idle hands to do is especially applicable to the boy. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but all play and no work makes him, what nurses term, "a terrible Turk." For the brain to lie absolutely fallow a fortnight is probably a sufficient time for any person in good health.

A congregational committee in the north of Scotland have issued a circular with questions to be answered by candidates for their ministry which would suggest that of a Life Insurance Company, if it were not so particular: in that connection it more reminds one of a passport. "Personal appearance and manners?" If the candidate is to fill this in for himself the task, of course, except in the case of an unusually modest divine, is easy; but, if not, who is to be the judge?—his wife or his mother-in-law? "Father's occupation?" This is surely what the Americans call "going back" on a man. It would surely prejudice a Scotch presbytery, and very unfairly, if one's father happened to be a dancing-master, for example, or a bishop. "Voice, whether loud, low, harsh, monotonous, whining, drawling, or squeaking?" These questions, though rather injurious, seem at least to suggest that the expectations of the committee are not, as regards vocal powers, abnormally high. The last two inquiries are also assuring. "Does he abstain from spirituous liquors in his ministerial visitations?" One would really think he ought to be able to answer this in the affirmative. "Popularity in his present situation: causes?" Here is an opportunity for a little self-advertisement, enough to make any man's mouth water.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It is a thankless task to record the most scandalous episode which has been witnessed in the House for many generations. When party feeling runs high it is not in human nature to refrain from explosive speech, but when passion passes from the violent word to the violent act, and when a personal scuffle is the climax in an Assembly which has prided itself on its superiority to the savage breeding that finds expression in blows, the chronicler hides his diminished head in utter shame. It was expected that the final scene in Committee on the Home Rule Bill would be stormy, though nobody was prepared for the actual outcome. At a quarter to ten on the fateful Thursday Mr. Darling finished a series of readings from Mr. Gladstone's speeches, and Mr. Chamberlain rose to give voice to the resentment of the Opposition against the policy of closure. Mr. Chamberlain made an effective onslaught on the Ministerial majority, who had faithfully followed their chief through the fluctuations of purpose which marked his conduct of the Bill. An unlucky interruption by Mr. Roby—interruptions of Mr. Chamberlain are generally unlucky—gave this keen and relentless debater an opportunity, which he improved, to the great delight of his friends. Still, there was no sign of tumult, and at five minutes to ten Mr. Chamberlain seemed likely to finish his speech without any unusual outbreak. But suddenly there came a sentence which let loose the Furies. Mr. Chamberlain began to quote Scripture. When Mr. Gladstone spoke, the Liberal party, like the Jews of old, cried, "It is not the voice of a man; it is the voice of a god." "Since the days of Herod," said Mr. Chamberlain, but here the storm burst forth, and yells of "Judas!" broke from the Irish benches. Perfectly undisturbed, Mr. Chamberlain managed to end his sentence with a pleasant little phrase about "slavish adulation."

There was now a frantic babel, which Mr. Mellor sought to quell by putting the question, and some Members left the House for the division. But it was soon plain that the Conservatives were anxious to exact punishment for the scriptural but very unparliamentary epithet hurled at Mr. Chamberlain. They endeavoured to convey this idea to Mr. Mellor through the terrific din, and were evidently resolved not to quit the House until they had carried their point. At this juncture Mr. Logan, Member for the Harborough division of Leicestershire, strolled up the floor, surveyed the tumultuous throng on the Opposition side, and plumped down on the front bench next to Mr. Carson with whom he engaged in a lively altercation. Mr. Hayes Fisher, sitting just behind, seized Mr. Logan by the nape of the neck, and thrust him on the floor. Some of the Irish members made a spontaneous movement across the gangway, and were met by a solid little band of Tories. In an instant blows were struck. Colonel Sanderson's fist found its billet, and a Nationalist riposted the gallant colonel on the jaw. Fortunately, the field of both was too small for any extensive operations. Moreover, the peacemakers, English and Irish, rushed into the mêlée, and tore the combatants asunder. Mr. Gladstone watched the scene for a few moments with an expression of intense pain, and was probably unconscious that Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett on the other side of the table was shouting at him "This is your doing!" A loud and impartial hiss from the Strangers' Gallery probably did something to stop the fray, and the happy suggestion that the Speaker should be sent for, brought calm at last. Under Mr. Peel's cold and reproving eye the House seemed to shrink abashed. Then followed the explanations, Mr. T. P. O'Connor pleaded guilty to the cry of "Judas," and apologised. Colonel Sanderson complained that he had been struck first, and this was denied by two Irish members, one of whom, Mr. Harrington, evoked a welcome shout of merriment by stating that he had come upon the scene to "assist the Serjeant-at-Arms." The Speaker delivered a strongly-worded lecture to a thoroughly crestfallen audience, and then the interrupted divisions were resumed till the Home Rule Bill passed through Committee.

Manifestly the scandal could not evaporate like this, and four days later there was a penitential ceremonial. Mr. Hayes Fisher led off with an apology for his assault on Mr. Logan, and Mr. Logan expressed his deep regret for having sat on the front Opposition Bench with his aggressive and provocative back to Mr. Fisher. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and the Speaker displayed great anxiety to sink the whole wretched business many fathoms deep in oblivion, and so we passed to the Education Estimates and the soothing eloquence of Mr. Acland. For the rest of the sitting the House had very much the appearance of the Jackdaw of Rheims after the famous curse. Its feathers drooped and it gazed at the Minister with a lack-lustre eye. Even the vexed question of the relations between the Education Department and the voluntary schools excited very little controversial spirit. The only passage which rose to the height of denunciation was Sir William Hart Dyke's attack on English grammar. He was more fortunate in his childhood, he said, than most boys, for he had a sympathetic governess who never allowed the distasteful subject to

vex his spirit. He thought that the teaching of grammar to the very young was a gratuitous blunder, and that every Englishman ought to be left to pick up an acquaintance with tenses and participles in the course of his journey through life. As Mr. Acland expressed some sympathy with this view, and as it was strongly supported by Sir John Lubbock, I suppose the days of compulsory grammar are numbered. There is certainly a rooted antipathy in the House of Commons to this obnoxious element of our language. If the legislator rarely thinks it necessary to make his nominative agree with his verb, why should that union be enforced by penalties on the Board School child? Grammar is an acquired taste which comes to some educated men by slow degrees, and to others not at all. Mr. Acland is anxious to see school libraries established, so that the children may have an inducement to read interesting books. Perhaps they may get a grip of their grammar that way. They certainly would not get it if they had no other means of acquisition than listening to debates in the House.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Year after year in the reign of Victoria—whose subjects in Europe, Asia, America, Australasia, Africa, and many isles of the oceans that flow around the globe, at least



Photo taken at Osborne by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

IN DRESS WORN AT THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

twice outnumber those of any other Sovereign ever reigning on earth—we have good cause to feel it is well for this vast Empire to own allegiance to the Royal Woman, in her own person an example of the characteristic virtues of the English nation, and in her public conduct the wise and faithful guardian, within constitutional limits, of the interests of her State and her people. Long may she continue to preside over the government of the United Kingdom and of the immense dependencies! and may every fresh incident, such as we have lately rejoiced to witness, in the development of new and interesting relations in the royal family, bring to her, with the still growing dignity of the maternal parent of so great a princely progeny, yet stronger proofs of the respectful love which so good a life has deserved in the estimation of all who have looked up to her, and have trusted in her, during so many years! The Queen has been wife and widow; she is mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, but her character has never changed; truth, sincerity, frankness, and kindness, and a strict sense of duty, have never failed in her words and actions, "in that fierce light that beats upon a throne." We know not, in all the history of Royalties, a more perfect example of consistency; and that it should have been afforded by a woman, in times when some kings and emperors have often played less worthy parts, is an instance which should for ever silence all foolish sneers at the fancied moral weakness of the sex.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Active hostilities between the fleets engaged in the Naval Manœuvres began early on Saturday morning, July 29, off the Calf of Man, when the two divisions of the Blue fleet, which had effected a junction on the previous day, but had failed, owing to fog, to prevent a like concentration of the Reds, were assailed by the latter. It proved that the B Red squadron, from Lamlash, Isle of Arran, under Admiral Seymour, had gone south and formed a junction with the A Red squadron, commanded by Admiral Fairfax, at the entrance to Cardigan Bay. The combined Red squadrons fell in with the Blue fleet, commanded by Admiral Fitzroy, and engaged in battle. After fighting more than an hour, the Blue fleet, at first inferior in force, was recruited by the arrival of the battle-ship Audacious and two cruisers which had been on scouting duty, and it was agreed to consider the encounter indecisive. Our Special Artist on board one of the ships has furnished an illustration of this battle. From Holyhead came the news that on July 31 the Red torpedo-catchers—Skipjack, Speedwell, and Spider—were discovered by one of the Blue ships hiding in the harbour. They gave such a good account of themselves that their assailant was forced to desist. The weather, so far, has been fairly propitious for the manœuvres, although the fog inflicted a serious disadvantage on the Reds on July 28. One of the points already emphasised seems to be the need of simplifications in both manœuvres and signals, as slight mistakes in times of peace become terrible blunders in warfare.

THE VICTORIA NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL.

The trial of the surviving officers and crew of the late Admiral Sir George Tryon's flagship Victoria, by court-martial on board the Hibernia at Malta, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour presiding, ended on Thursday, July 27, after the reading by Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke of his address in defence. Our illustration is that of the proceedings on an earlier day, when Rear-Admiral A. H. Markham, who commanded the second division of the squadron off Tripoli on June 22, explained to the Court, with the aid of a model of the hull of the Victoria, how the side of that ship was struck and penetrated by the ram at the bows of the Camperdown. The Court, having heard Captain Bourke, deliberated over four hours, till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the verdict was read by the Judge-Advocate. It was found that the collision was due to the order given by Sir G. Tryon, the Commander-in-Chief, for the two divisions to turn sixteen points inwards, the two columns being only six cables apart; that no blame was to be attributed to Captain Bourke or any other of the surviving officers and ship's company of the Victoria, and that the discipline and order maintained on board that ship, to the last, was in the highest degree creditable to all of them; that, after the collision, everything possible was done to save life, and that Sir G. Tryon's order to annul the sending of boats was a wise one; and that, "although it was much to be regretted that Admiral Markham did not carry out his first intention to semaphore his doubt as to the signal, it would be fatal to the best interests of the service to say he was to blame for carrying out the directions of his Commander-in-Chief, present in person." The President then returned to Captain Bourke his sword, which had lain on the table, and the Court was dissolved.

THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

The picturesque and romantic scenery of the Antrim shores, between Larne and Portrush, affords many views which captivate the eye and mind of every tourist by the various combinations of wild and surprising forms, in cliff and promontory, with deep bays and wide prospects of the open sea. The county of Antrim, on the whole, is almost a peninsula, being separated westward by Lough Neagh and the river Bann from Tyrone and Londonderry. Its peculiar history and antiquities present also much that is interesting to study; near the small town of Antrim stands one of the most remarkable of the ancient Round Towers, 93 ft. high and 53 ft. in circumference, upon which much learned research has been spent. But the sea-coast, with its curious freaks of nature in the shapes of basaltic rocks, of which the famous Giant's Causeway is the most celebrated, presents the most inviting aspects to numerous yearly visitors. Along that part of the northern shore, accessible either from Portrush or from Bushmills, are to be seen the White Rocks, with their fantastic limestone caverns, the rocks called the Skerries, the ruins of Dunluce Castle, perched on an insulated cliff, and the caves of Portcoon and Dunkerry. The Giant's Causeway itself has been frequently described. Fourteen miles to the east, passing the singular rope-bridge at Carrick-a-rede, is Ballycastle, opposite to Rathlin Island, the stepping-stone of the Scots from Erin to North Britain. Beyond this comes Fairhead or Benmore, with Murlough Bay, well in sight of Scotland. Proceeding southward, the pretty village of Cushendun, Red Bay, and the neighbouring vale of Glenariff, present fresh attractions. One thinks here of Fingal and all the heroes of Ossian's poems. The sea-side tour ends with Glenarm and the pleasant little town of Larne. Our Artist's sketches of this coast show its most characteristic features.

SIAM AND ITS PROVINCES.

The late Mr. Henry Warner, of the Quorn, who had tried everything from aide-de-camping in Australia to hippopotamus-hunting in equatorial Africa, told me that nothing in all his excursions to far or famous places had impressed him so much as the deserted cities of Battambang and

twenty-four miles square of the State of Illinois with a ring wall as big as the great wall of China. Everything else, too, seems to be on the same scale at Ongcor the Great. Take, for instance, the Prea Sat Ling Poun, which is only a modern Cambodian nickname for a temple, whereof the name and fame have perished, though it discounts Solomon's, "Prea Sat Ling Poun" meaning "the pagoda where they play hide-and-seek." Its thirty-seven pagodas tower over the tallest trees of the forest which has grown up within the walls of Ongcor Thom in the uncounted centuries which have elapsed since the King of Maha Nacor Khmer lorded it over his twenty tributary kings, with his five or six millions of soldiers, whom he could easily afford to pay, if the local traditions of the dimensions of his treasury be correct. It is stated to have been three hundred miles long. When these cities were built no one knows. Some of them were built long enough ago for their ferruginous sandstone to be crumbling to dust in default of a besieger. Who built them no one knows. If you ask the modern Cambodian he out-Herods Mr. Gladstone in giving you four alternatives—"It is the work of Pra-Eun, the King of the Angels," or "It is the work of the giants," or "It was built by the Leprous King," or else "It made itself." The one surviving romance of Ongcor the Great is "the Leprous King." No details of his public splendour or his private misery have come down. The inscription on the miles of sculptured frieze are undeciphered, and rapidly becoming undecipherable, as they add dust to dust. But there is the distinct tradition on the country side that the world's hugest city owes its greatness to him, and in one of the little



A SIAMESE HALF-CASTE.

the peninsula of precious stones, or mosaics rivalling St. Mark's at Venice. When you get up to the Pagoda you find that they are potsherds of common



A WATER STREET IN BANGKOK.

Ongcor. "The world will have a lot to say about them some day," he added, "when Siam shows up as the Tom Tiddler's Ground of England and France." This was in 1890.

But it is not the magnificence and mysteriousness of these famous pre-historic cities—the bonnes bouches of travellers, though they put the Buried Cities of Yucatan completely in the shade—which makes the sacrilegious mouth of France water for the erst Cambodian provinces of Battambang and Ongcor, but the fact that they are lapped by the waters of Touli-Sap, the great lake of Cambodia, which is more than 120 miles long, and at least 400 in circumference, and has fisheries of untold wealth.

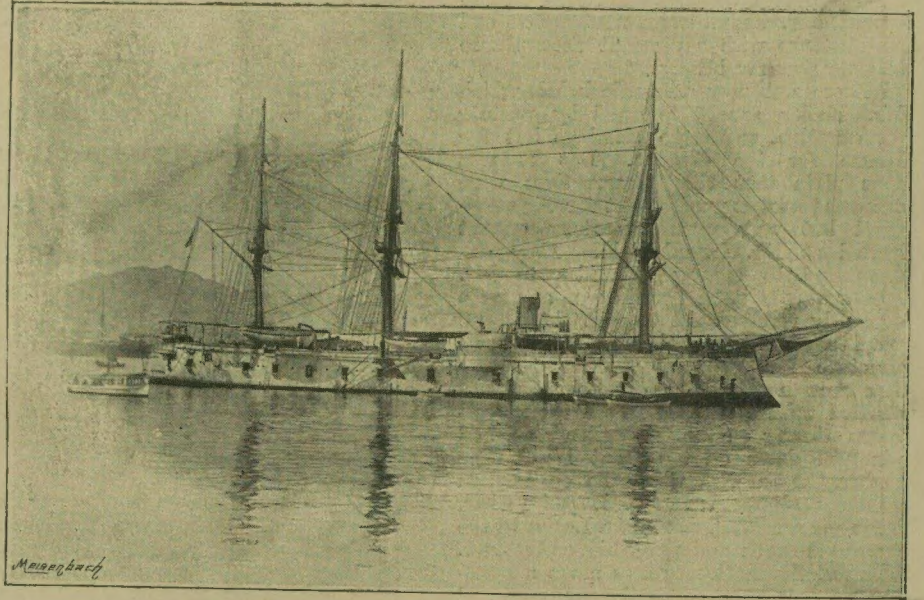
London areas were supposed to be unique; but the area of London, suburbs and all, shrinks from comparison with the area of "Ongcor the Great" (Ongcor Thom), which has a square twenty-four miles along each face, surrounded by a wall over twenty feet high and twelve feet thick. Chicago, in its feverish competition for population, is said to include everything within a twelve-mile radius, but even Chicago would hesitate before surrounding

galleries (only 120 ft. long) connecting the great side galleries (650 ft. long) of the world's hugest temple, Ongcor Wat sits, his statue towering over a host of other statues, many of them twelve feet high. Two priests are at his side in the posture of adoration. This statue has an ethnological interest apart from its dignified and noble attitude and the rare beauty of the head, a masterpiece of sculpture; for it is the perfect type of the pure-blooded Cambodian of to-day, thus showing that the forgotten builders were of Cambodian race. Among the few other pieces of intrinsic evidence in the ruins are the chariot-ruts, worn deep into the paving of the

gateways, like those laid bare from the ashes at Pompeii, telling their tale of centuries of occupation.

It is an odd thing that in all the ruins of Ongcor not one plain domestic building has survived—only fortifications and palaces and temples, just as in England we have hardly a dozen Norman houses for all our Norman castles and cathedrals. In the Temple of Ongcor Wat alone there are 1532 columns all monoliths, and the quarries are thirty miles distant; and there are in it and the city leagues and leagues of frieze like the frieze of the Parthenon, adorned with the wars of the King of the Apes and the King of the Angels, and so on. No mortar was used: not a joint is seen, nor a chisel-mark left on column or sculpture.

Horns are the feature of Siam, from the finger-tips of its actresses to the roofs of its temples and pavilions and phrachedees (pagodas), and the effect is exceedingly picturesque. The most famous of these horned phrachedees—that of Wat Chang ("The Elephant Temple") is a chef-d'œuvre of shams which will put the French jewellers to shame when *La Mode* follows *La Gloire* up the Menam. In the distance you are in worshipful wonder whether its decorations are gems from

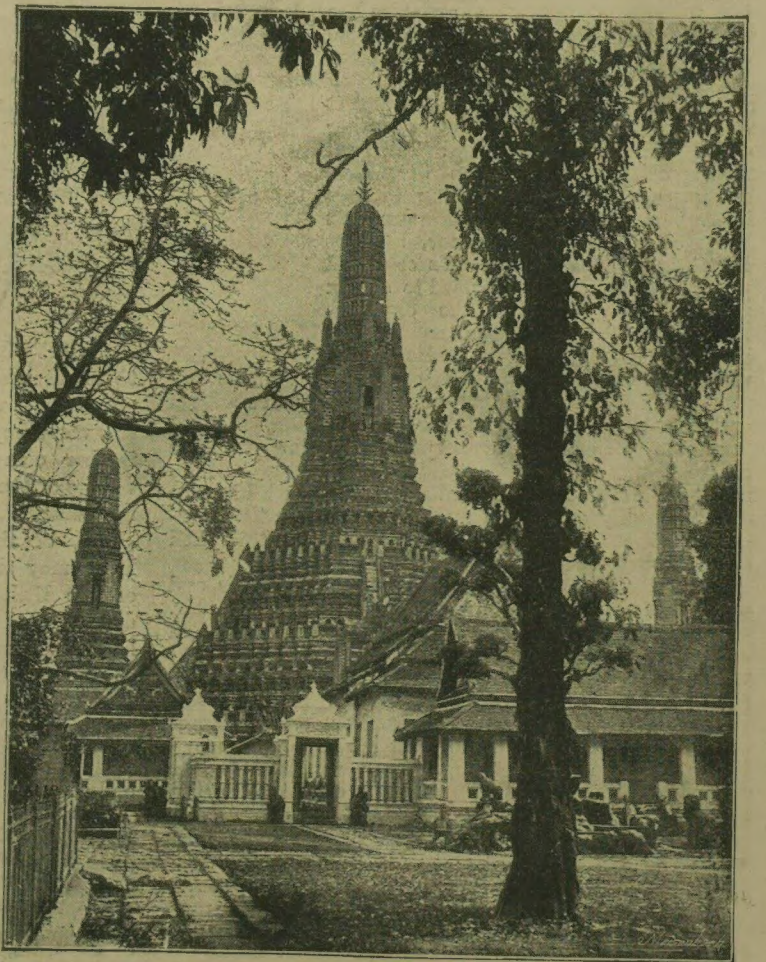


FRENCH FLAG-SHIP TRIOMPHANTE, IN THE GULF OF SIAM.

china and glass chipped into the shape of petals or what not, and mortared on to brickwork—*sic transit gloria mundi*. DOUGLAS SLADEN.



GATEWAY OF PRINCIPAL TEMPLE, BANGKOK.



WAT CHANG, BANGKOK.

THE CRISIS IN SIAM.

For the Photographs on this page we are indebted to the Camera of Captain Edward H. M. Davis, R.N.



"SURPRISED."—BY GORDON BROWNE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Saturday, July 29, received her grandson, the German Emperor, who arrived that day at Cowes on board the German Imperial steam-yacht Hohenzollern, was met by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and dined at Osborne with the Queen and the royal family. The Duke and Duchess of York visited her Majesty on Monday, July 31.

The German Emperor accompanied the Prince of Wales, at Cowes Regatta, on July 31, on board the Britannia, the racing yacht of his Royal Highness, in winning the first prize of the Royal London Yacht Club. On the next day, his Majesty was on board his own yacht, the Meteor, in the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, when the Meteor won her Majesty's Cup, arriving thirteen minutes after the Britannia, but being entitled to a time allowance for the difference of size. The Britannia, the Prince of Wales's yacht, is rated 151 tons; the Meteor, 116.

The King and Queen of Denmark terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales on July 27, and left England for Copenhagen.

The whole of the miners connected with the National Federation in the Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire coalfields struck work on Saturday, July 29. The miners connected with the Midland Federation have decided to join in the strike, have given notice to their employers, and will lift their tools in a fortnight. The London Coal Exchange has agreed further to raise the price two shillings a ton, in addition to the two shillings rise before agreed to. It is reported that a proposal for a settlement of the dispute has been laid before the National Coalowners' Association by the proprietors of a leading Midland colliery, to the effect that the notices for reduction of wages be withdrawn, the Federation binding themselves not to ask for any further advance in any of the districts till the prices of coal have regained the position occupied when the maximum point of the 40 per cent. rise was conceded. The Federation are understood to favour the proposal.

Mr. Gladstone has addressed to Mr. Cowan, of Beeslack, the chairman of the Mid Lothian Liberal Association, a letter in which he explains the policy pursued by the Government in dealing with the question of the retention of the Irish Members in the Imperial Parliament in the Home Rule Bill.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Arthur Peel, who was present at a garden party in the Jephson Gardens at Leamington and opened a new band kiosk, spoke of the excessive strain to which members of the House of Commons were nowadays subjected.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London have been visiting Edinburgh, where they were received with full honours by the Lord Provost and municipality, and attended, on Aug. 1, the ceremony of giving degrees at Edinburgh University. The Principal, Sir William Muir, presided. The degree of D.C.L. was conferred on the Lord Mayor of London. The Lord Mayor of Dublin was present.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened on Aug. 1 at Pontypridd, in a spacious pavilion accommodating 20,000 persons. Lord Tredegar presided. The Cardiff Orchestral Society were alone entered for the £50 premium to orchestral bands for the best performance of Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas," and they were adjudged the prize by Dr. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. The Eisteddfod Choir of 500 voices, conducted by Caradog, performed Mendelssohn's "Athalie." A new descriptive overture, specially composed by Dr. Parry, of Cardiff, was performed by a full orchestra.

The British Medical Association commenced its sixty-first annual meeting on Aug. 1, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the presidency of Professor Philipson, of Durham University, who delivered an address on the diseases prevalent among the mining population.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers has opened its summer meeting at Middlesbrough under the presidency of Dr. W. Anderson, and a discussion took place on recent developments in the Cleveland iron and steel industries.

A Select Committee of the House of Lords has considered the London Improvements Bill, promoted by the County Council, one of the clauses of which embodies the

betterment principle. After hearing counsel in support of the clause the committee unanimously decided that it must be struck out. The other proposals of the Bill were considered and approved.

At the London County Council, on Aug. 1, it was intimated that the Council's rate for the second half of the financial year would be the same as for the first half—6½d. in the pound for parishes outside the City. A report from

The French Minister of War (General Loizillon) presided at the inauguration of the monument raised at Mezières in honour of Bayard, the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" who defended that town with such remarkable success against thirty-two thousand of the soldiers of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, in the year 1521.

An immense fire, destroying property to the estimated value of £160,000, took place at Bercy, a suburb of Paris on the river Seine, on Friday, July 28. Many warehouses on the Quai Râpée, belonging to wine-merchants, coopers' workshops, distilleries, and timber-yards, were consumed, with all their contents.

The Emperor William, on his return from England, is expected to spend a week at Heligoland, and to witness some practice with the heavy Krupp guns on the Upper Land in the little island. He will also inspect the fortifications now finished, and the new pier built on the south side of the island for the protection of shipping and connected by a railway-tunnel with the Upper Land.

The Swiss Government, or that of the Canton of Lucerne, has ordered the closing of the Kursaal at Lucerne, in consequence of complaints of the large sums lost in gambling by visitors there.

In consequence of the outbreak of the plague in the district of the Don, in Russia, rioting has been renewed. The Cossacks sent to keep order are received by the natives with showers of stones, and are even fired at. The rioters declare that it is the Jews who have brought the pest into the country.

The insurrection in Brazil seems to be spreading, and two engagements have been fought in the province of Santa Catarina between the insurgents and the Government troops, one in the German colony of Blumenau, and the other at Desterro. Some of the Government troops are reported to be aiding the insurgents.

An insurrection has also broken out in the Argentine Republic, in the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and St. Luis, but the Argentine Ministry deny that it is of any importance.

The Government of New Zealand has definitely declined to participate in the proposed scheme of Australasian federation.

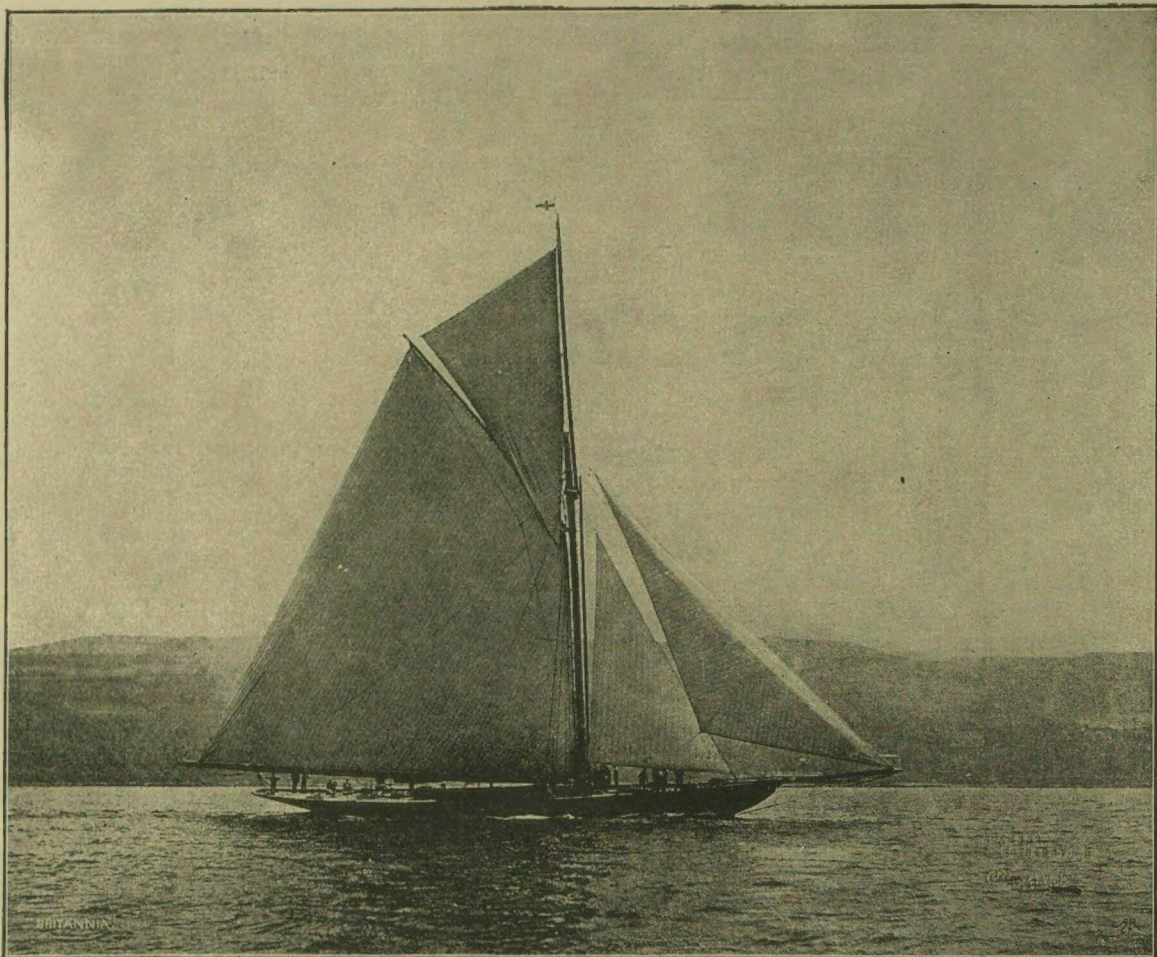
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT, BRITANNIA.

The Britannia racing cutter, which has won the Royal London Yacht Club first prize at Cowes, was built by Messrs. Henderson, of Glasgow, for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales early in the present year, and launched at Partick on April 20. She has a long and powerful bilge and an extraordinary length of counter, in which respect she resembles American yachts. This enormous counter is utilised for big after-cabins, and the Britannia has the accommodation below of an old 40-tonner. At the same time the extreme length adopted has enabled the designer to fine off the lines and leave no trace of where quarter and body run into one another, though under the cabin floor the bilge runs at once into the narrow floor below; it is not the mere dead wood of American yachts. The Britannia is a keel cutter, but different to anything of the kind Mr. G. L. Watson had previously designed. She has a load water-line of 86 ft., and a Queen Mab bow, by which it is to be inferred that the stem is convex, and not what is known as the fiddle bow.

THE CORNWALL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

On Tuesday, July 25, this exhibition at Truro, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is president, was opened by Lord St. Levan, representing both the Duke of Edinburgh and the

Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall. It has been organised by an influential county committee, who propose to apply the profits of the exhibition to founding a school of fisheries. The Mayor of Truro and the mayors of other Cornish boroughs were present. The exhibition, in a large building erected close to the market-house, comprises many glass tanks, or aquaria, with living specimens of various sea and river fish, collections of nets, models of boats, and all implements used in fishing, and a very attractive picture gallery, in which the works of Cornish artists present an important study. Lectures on the natural history and habits of fish, the culture, protection, and management of fisheries, and kindred subjects, are provided by a grant from the Technical Education Fund of the Cornwall County Council.



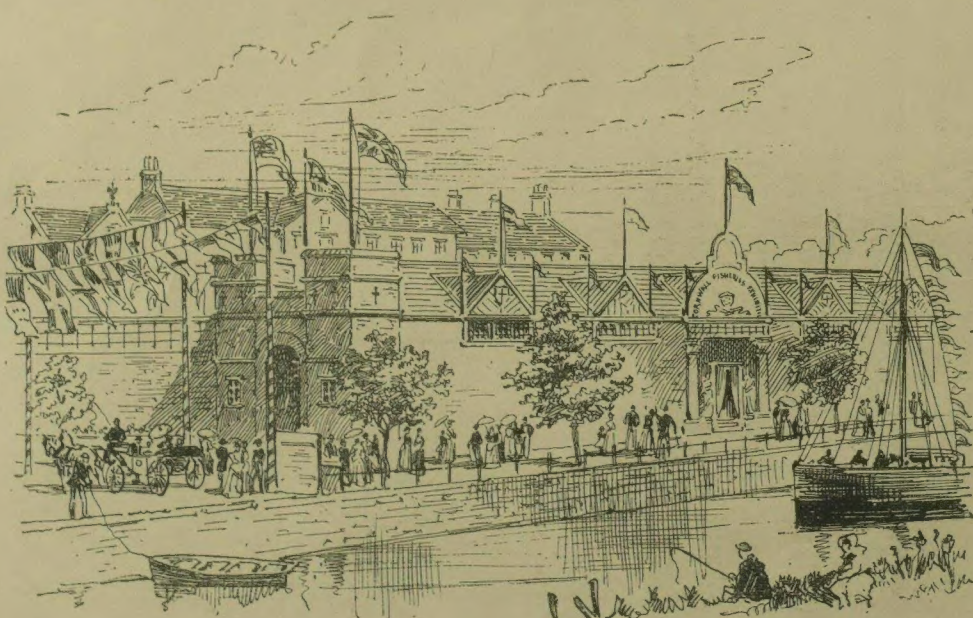
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT BRITANNIA. WINNER OF THE ROYAL LONDON CUP AT COWES REGATTA.

Photo by Adamson, Rochesay, N.B.

the Highways Committee, recommending the purchase of the North Metropolitan Tramway Company's lines for £340,000, the lines to be subsequently leased to the company at a clear yearly rent of £20,000, was, after some discussion, referred back to the committee.

At a meeting of the council of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, it was stated that the sum available for distribution this year was £35,400 against £40,228 last year.

The French Government, on Tuesday, Aug. 1, ordered the blockade of Bangkok and of the coast of Siam to be raised, as the Siamese Minister in Paris, on that day, officially notified that Siam would submit to the new conditions imposed as "guarantees" for the fulfilment of the terms of the French ultimatum. These new conditions involve the occupation of the river and port of Chantaboon until the complete and pacific evacuation of the advanced posts established by the Siamese on the left bank of the river Mekong. The Siamese Government will pledge itself



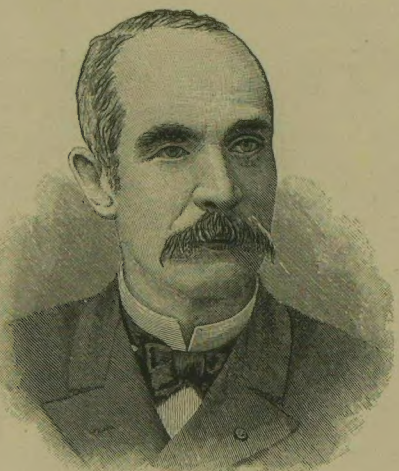
FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT TRURO, CORNWALL.

to refrain from keeping any military force at Battambang and Siem-riep, and also in a radius of twenty-five kilometres, on the right bank of the Mekong, from the frontier of Cambodia. The Siamese Government will also refrain from keeping or sending any armed vessels on the waters of the Grand Lake or those of the Mekong.

It is also announced that as the result of interviews between M. Develle and Lord Dufferin in regard to the question of the Upper Mekong, pending for several years between France and England, the French Government "has not hesitated to adhere to the principle of a neutral zone to be established by means of reciprocal sacrifices between the possessions of the two Powers in the northern region of the Upper Mekong." The delimitation of this zone has been reserved for a future date.

PERSONAL.

The special commissioner sent a month ago by the French Government to Siam, for the purpose of negotiating the cession of the territory east of the river Mekong to the French Dominion of Annam, is M. Le Myre de Vilers. It was to him that, on July 18, the Prime Minister, M. Develle, referred in his speech in the Chamber of Deputies as "a man who knows the Far East well, and who is thought a great authority in Bangkok and in Indo-China."



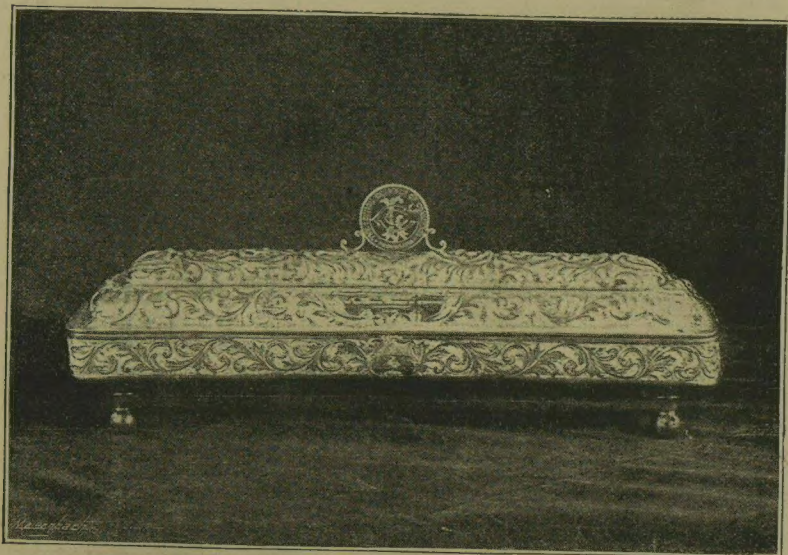
M. LE MYRE DE VILERS,
French Special Commissioner to Siam.

M. Le Myre de Vilers will remain, notwithstanding the breach of diplomatic relations between France and Siam, to act as political adviser to Admiral Humann, commander of the French naval squadron. We are obliged to Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, publishers, for the portrait, which has appeared in Mrs. Colville's book, "Round the Black Man's Garden." The flagship of Admiral Humann, the *Triomphante*, is shown in one of our Illustrations.

There is evidently a genuine feeling of regret in Canada that Lord Derby's term of office as Governor-General has now come to a close. For six years he and Lady Derby have gone in and out among the Canadian people in every province, taking part in their sports and pastimes, interesting themselves in their local and national affairs, and, in fact, becoming Canadians in thought and feeling; and now that the hour of parting has come they realise, as Lord and Lady Dufferin did, how closely one may become attached to so warm-hearted a people as the Canadians. One cannot, perhaps, say to Lord Derby as the French Canadians did truthfully say to Lord Dufferin, "Votre séjour en Canada fournira une belle page dans notre histoire"; but it can be said that he has proved himself fully equal to the quieter times which now prevail in the Dominion, and that he has by his sympathy and tact helped to strengthen the ties binding the Canadian people to the mother land.

The Speaker has been deploring the physical deterioration of members of the House of Commons in the sixth month of the Session. It is not easy to see, however, why the member of Parliament is harder worked than any other professional man. He is not compelled to sit in his place for hours, devoting the whole strength of his intellect to the subject under discussion. When he has had enough of it, which is very often, he refreshes himself in the smoking-room or on the Terrace. He can get leave of absence from the Whips on condition that he returns at a particular hour. He can often pair. He has a holiday at Easter and at Whitsuntide. Mr. Peel drew a moving contrast between the physical aspect of the M.P. and that of the legislator in the House of Lords. But this comparison is misleading. The House of Lords does no more than half a dozen days' work—real work—in the course of the year. The truth is, that the expenditure of energy in Parliamentary duties is a tradition, and men who remember the old days, when the House of Commons never sat more than six months, are disgusted at the prospect of spending nine at Westminster.

The testimonial presented to Sir John Lubbock, M.P., by the members of the London Chamber of Commerce, on his retirement from the presidency, is enclosed in a silver casket of elegant and appropriate design. This bears the



SILVER CASKET PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN LUBBOCK BY THE
LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

arms of the City of London, and those of the honourable baronet, with the monogram of the London Chamber of Commerce, and a group of figures emblematic of Trade, Commerce, and Shipping, to which is added a representation of bees, ants, and other insects, suggestive of Sir John Lubbock's entomological studies. The casket was manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Queen Victoria Street.

The Admirals are still discussing the loss of the *Victoria* with a curious diversity of opinion. One point in common seems to be the opinion that naval manoeuvring

is not an exact science. Admiral Colomb says that Sir George Tryon always set his face against any precise regulations for manoeuvres. Admiral Hornby suggests that it was open to the Camperdown, even when she obeyed the signal from the flagship, so to regulate her speed as to pass astern of the *Victoria*. This reminds us of the question which Sir George Tryon is said to have shouted when the collision took place: "Why didn't you"—but the rest of the inquiry was not heard. It may have been prompted by the idea which has occurred to Admiral Hornby.

The following letter from Mr. F. Lushington has an interest beyond the correction it contains: "Will you permit me to correct an error in your kindly and appreciative notice of the late Mr. Edmund Law Lushington, Greek Professor at the University of Glasgow from 1838 to 1875? He was, as you remark, 'a typical professor'; and, his scholarship was rare among scholars, as his thoughts habitually expressed themselves in Greek more automatically and vividly than in English. But he never travelled in Greece; and Tennyson's poem, 'To E. L. on His Travels in Greece' was not addressed to him. The E. L. of that title was my dear and many-gifted friend Edward Lear, a visitor of many lands, author of 'Journals of a Landscape Painter,' and of the universally known 'Book of Nonsense.' Lear was intimately acquainted with Tennyson, who delighted in his drawings and pictures, as is noted in the poem. Lear's grand painting of the 'Temple of Bassæ' in Arcadia is worthily placed in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, where also his 'Plain of Argos' has found a home in the library of Trinity College. His 'Tomohrit' is among the art-treasures of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, and his noble 'Athos' (alas! unfinished) is with me. As the matter affects three distinguished memories I hope you may find room to correct in an early number the mistake of attributing to 'E. L. L.' the honour, due to 'E. L.', of having inspired Tennyson's picturesque and classical lines."

The newly-appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the garrison at Gibraltar, General Sir Robert Biddulph, C.B., and Knight, Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, was born in 1835, son of Mr. Biddulph of Ledbury, some time M.P. for Herefordshire. He was educated at the Woolwich Military Academy, and joined the Royal Artillery, became Major in 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1864, Brigadier-General in 1879, Major-General and Lieutenant-General within eight years afterwards.

Having seen much active service in the Crimea, in India, and in China, and having been private secretary to Mr. Cardwell at the War Office, and Assistant-Adjutant-General at headquarters, he was appointed, in 1870, High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Cyprus, which post he held until 1886, proving himself an able political administrator. From 1886 to 1888 he was Inspector-General of Recruiting; he has since been Director-General of Military Education, and Quartermaster-General from the beginning of this year.

The German Emperor's interest in yachting at Cowes is not surprising to those who are familiar with his interest in everything that pertains to the sea. One of the delights of his leisure is marine painting, and a picture of his, called "A Fight between Torpedo-boats and Ironclads," is said to be spirited and accurate. Foreign emissaries, who have arrived in hot haste at Potsdam on important business, have found the Emperor busy at his easel and smoking a penny Dutch cigar. At such a moment, no doubt, he forgets that he is one of the most powerful potentates in Europe, and cherishes the delusion, aided by the cigar, that he is painting for a living. It may be argued by philosophers that this devotion to the sea is a useful discipline for an arbitrary sovereign who is probably wiser than King Canute, and has no flatterers quite so besotted as those who persuaded the Danish monarch that the tide was subject to his caprice.

Australia is prompt with fervent welcomes to English actors. Before making his appearance on the Sydney stage, and within a few hours of landing at that hospitable port, Mr. Edward Terry was publicly entertained at the Townhall by the Mayor of Sydney, the Premier of the Colony, Sir George Dibbs, several members of the Ministry, and all the leading citizens. Had he been an ambassador or a world-renowned philanthropist he could not have been more highly or more expeditiously distinguished by the favour of the colonists. To be an Englishman is a natural passport to the goodwill of Australians, but to be both an Englishman and a popular comedian is to touch the summit of earthly felicity. Mr. Edward Terry appears to have been quite equal to the



Photo by Sebati, Cairo.
GENERAL SIR ROBERT BIDDULPH,
The New Governor of Gibraltar.

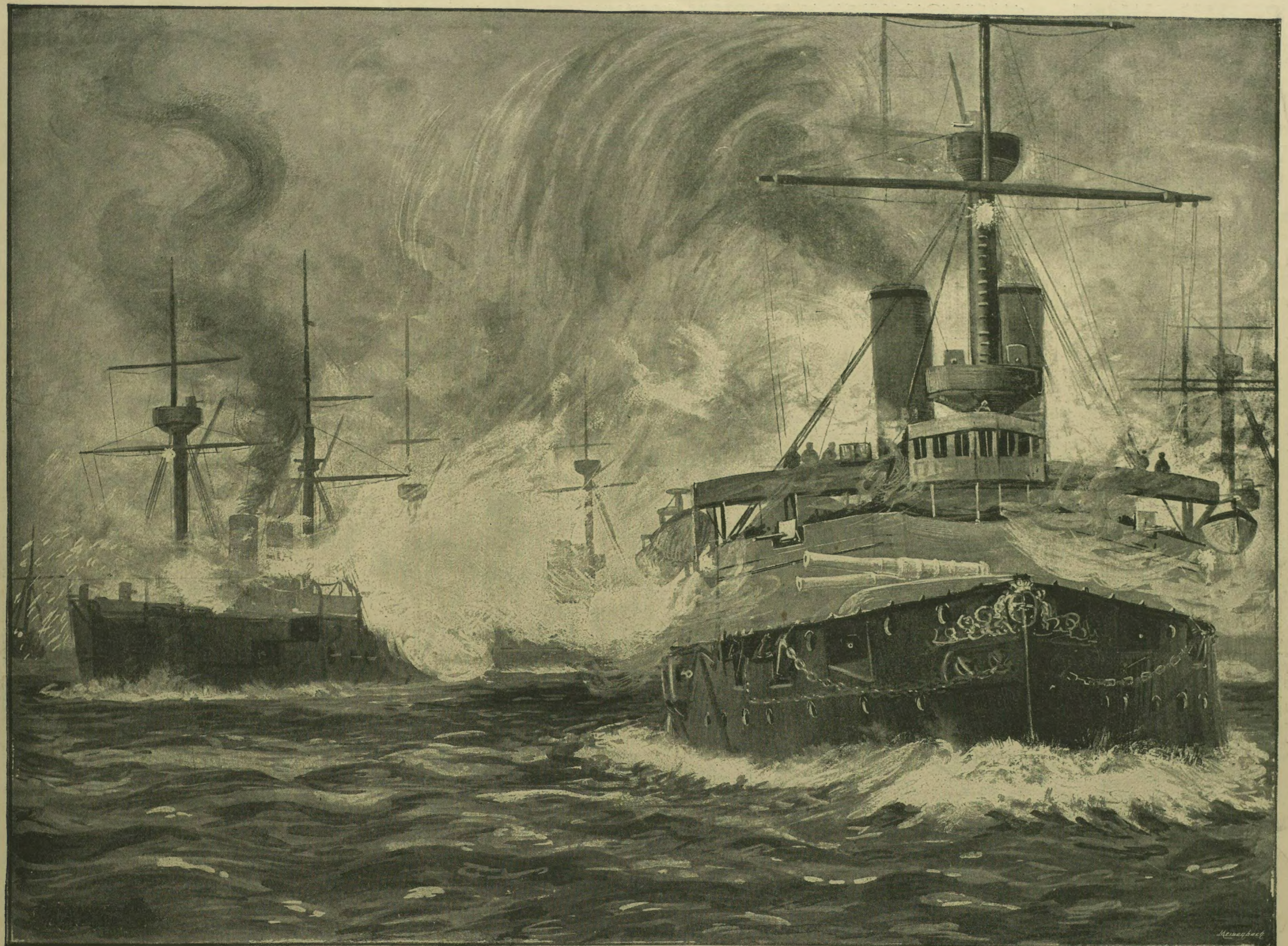
occasion, for he apologised for his inability to provide Sir George Dibbs with a new financial policy, and postponed the expression of his views on federation and the dead-meat trade.

Sheriff never made a happier or more appropriate choice than Alderman Dimsdale has in asking Prebendary Whittington to be his chaplain. For the rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill, has all through his clerical life been intimately associated with the City of London. He was ordained in 1848, and began work at Saffron Hill. In the following year he was lecturer at St. Peter's, Cornhill, the church to which in 1867 he was sent as rector by the Corporation of London. But he is bound to the City by another close tie. For many years he was an assistant master at Merchant Taylors', and afterwards chief master of the lower school. More than that: of the ancient Company itself he has risen to be master. In entire sympathy with the characteristic good works of the City, Prebendary Whittington has long been deeply interested in the Foundling Hospital, of which he is a governor. No more genial, kindly personality is known in the City, nor is any one of its clergy more scrupulous in the performance of his parochial duties.

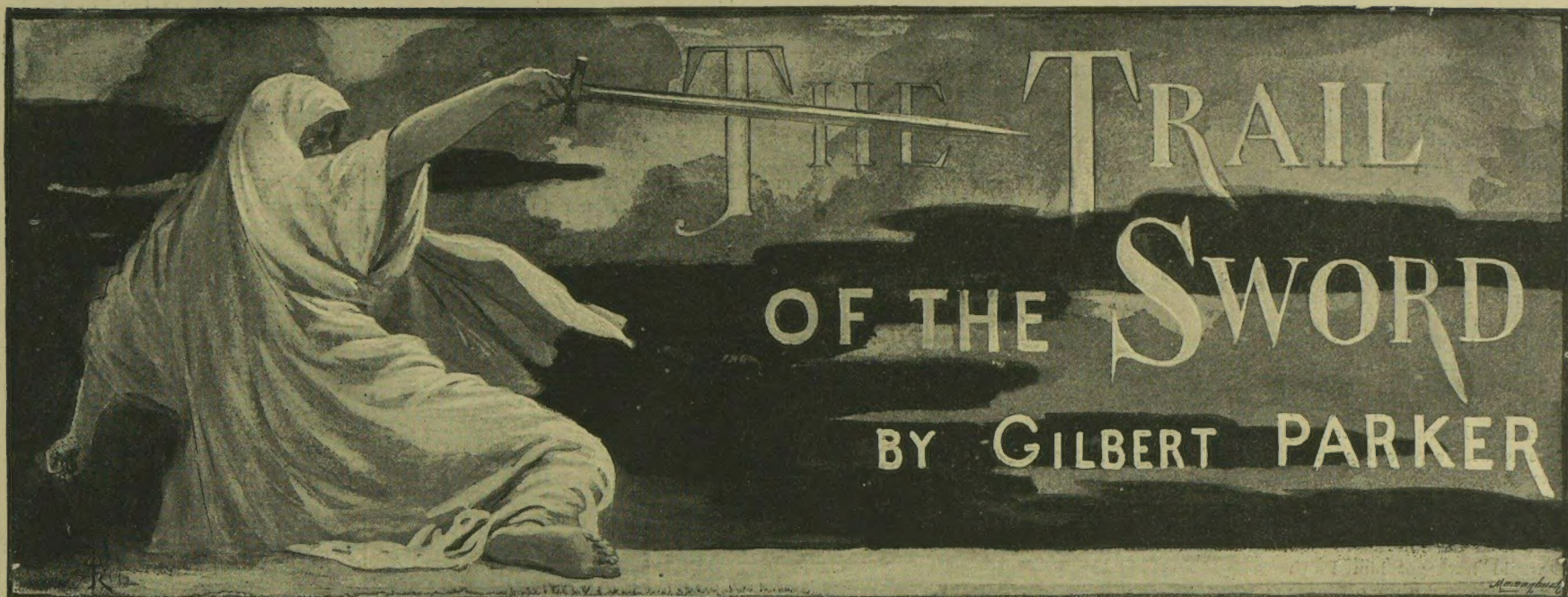
MUSIC.

The termination of the opera season on Saturday, July 29, brought a "happy release" to a large number of overworked and exhausted people. It cannot, as a matter of statistics, be demonstrated that the Covent Garden establishment was given more to do this year than last; indeed, the record of performances was virtually the same—twenty-five operas being mounted in eleven weeks, and eighty-nine representations (complete and otherwise) accomplished within that time. But, as we showed recently, when touching on this subject, the really heavy work has somehow been squeezed into the latter part of the season, when artists, choristers, orchestra, and everybody else were beginning to lose the first bloom of their freshness. Let us, for instance, take what was done during the month of July. Out of the twenty-five operas ten were mounted in course of those four weeks, no fewer than three being absolute novelties—to wit, "I Rantzau," "Amy Robsart," and "The Veiled Prophet." The remainder included four of Wagner's most exacting works—namely, "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Walküre," "Die Meistersinger," and "Siegfried;" while within the same period came the State performance at Covent Garden and the "command" night at Windsor Castle. This, of course, was simply tremendous. No wonder the pressure became excessive. Even with the aid of a second orchestra (and on one night a third) it was only by the "skin of the teeth" that the conductors got through their respective tasks and brought their operas out to time. They will doubtless be glad not to repeat the experience, for the wear and tear on human tissue was too great to be pleasant, however gratifying it might be to the impresario to redeem his promises and add another "best on record" to his list. We need scarcely say that Sir Augustus Harris did not succeed in his daring project of bringing out three new works within the concluding week or ten days of his season; but he managed to produce two, and that was quite trying enough for the performers concerned, not to speak of the critics, who by this time were thoroughly worn out. The remainder is Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," in which M. Jean de Reszke very sensibly refused to sing without adequate stage rehearsal and with no more than a solitary representation possible. It will keep perfectly well until next summer, this interesting experiment, and let us hope that Sir Augustus Harris will have profited sufficiently by what he has gone through lately not to listen to any more demands for an unreasonable proportion of novelties.

It is satisfactory, beyond doubt, that Professor Stanford's opera "The Veiled Prophet" should have been afforded a hearing (though "for one night only" so far) in the land that gave the composer birth—by which we mean, of course, the British Isles generally—for the talented Cambridge professor is, as most people are aware, a native of Dublin. A dozen years have passed since "The Veiled Prophet" was brought out at Hanover, and until the other day we had never heard a note of the opera, except the charming song for Fatima, "There's a bower of roses," which, we are pleased to find, plays a somewhat prominent part in more than one page of the score. To say that we prefer this work as a whole to "The Canterbury Pilgrims," would be to say too much, while to describe it as vastly superior to "Savonarola" would not, perhaps, be paying it a sufficiently high compliment. Anyhow, it has certain elements of popularity which neither of the other operas possessed, and its success at Covent Garden on July 25 gave the composer his revenge (Stanford's "Revenge," naturally) for the failure of "Savonarola" at the same house in 1884. Mr. Barclay Squire's libretto, ably translated by Signor Mazzucato for the present Italian performance, proves to be a capital stage version of Moore's familiar poem. The duets between Zelica and Mokanna, and that between the two lovers in the second act, are drawn out to too great a length. In other respects, Dr. Stanford has revised his opera to good advantage. The musician preserves a welcome unity of style, and delights the ear with much refined and expressive melody, while his use of Eastern colour, both in his harmonies and orchestration, is extremely judicious. The performance, considering the circumstances to which we have had to refer above, was a remarkably good one in most respects. For its fifth new opera of the season the chorus acquitted itself in more than creditable fashion, and the band executed with refinement Stanford's subdued yet effective accompaniments. Madame Nordica as Zelica and Signor Ancona as the false Prophet shared the principal honours, the prima donna being in especially fine voice. Signor Vignas was successful in his graceful air in Act II., and Miss Lucile Hill sang "There's a bower of roses" with much tenderness. The two ladies were also heard to particular advantage in a tripping and melodious duet for Zelica and Fatima in the last act. The reception accorded "The Veiled Prophet" was so emphatically favourable that we quite expect to see it among the early revivals of next season.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE RED AND BLUE FLEETS OFF HOLYHEAD, JULY 31.



CHAPTER VIII.

AS SEEN THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

When Louis and James called for peace, they could not know that it was as little possible to their two colonies as between rival buccaneers. New France was full of bold spirits who loved conquest for conquest's sake. Besides in this case, there was a force at work, generally unknown, but as powerful in its place as the convincing influence of an army. Behind the worst and the best acts of Charles II. was a woman. Behind the glories and follies of Louis XIV. was also a woman. Behind some of the most striking incidents in the history of New France, New England, and New York was a woman.

We saw her when she was but a child—the centre of singular events. Years had passed. Not one of those events had gone for nothing: each was bearing fruit after its kind.

She is sitting alone in a room of a large, square, unhandsome house facing on Boston harbour. It is evening. The room itself is of dark wood, and evening has thrown it into gloom. Yet, somehow, the girl's face has a light of its own. She is turned fair towards the window, and is looking out to sea. A mist is rising from the water, and the shore is growing grey and heavy as the light in the west recedes and night creeps in from the ocean. She watches the waves and the mist till all is mist without: a scene which she had watched, how often she could not count. The night closes in entirely upon her, but she does not move. At last the door of the room opens: someone enters and closes it again.

"My daughter!" says a deep anxious voice. "Are you here, Jessica?"

"I am here, father," is the reply.

"Shall we have lights?"

"As you will."

Even as they speak a servant enters, and lighted candles are put upon the table. They are alone again. Both are pale. The girl stands very still, and so quiet is her face, one could never guess that she is passing through the tragic moment of her life.

"What is your answer, Jessica?" he asks.

"I will marry him when he comes back."

"Thank God!" is the old man's acknowledgment. "You have saved our fortunes!"

The girl sighs, and then, with a little touch of that demure irony which we had seen in her years before, says: "I trust we have not lost our honour."

"Why, you love him, do you not? There is no one you care for more than George Gering?"

"I suppose not," is her reply, but the tone is enigmatical.

While this scene is happening, another appears in Cheap-side, London. A man of alert and vigorous bearing comes from the office of a well-known solicitor. That very morning he had had an interview with the King, and had been reminded with more exactness than kindness that he had cost King Charles a ship, scores of men and thousands of pounds, in a fruitless search for buried treasure in Hispaniola. When he had urged his case upon the basis of fresh information he was drily told that the security was too scant, even for a King. He had then pleaded his case to the Duke of Albemarle and other distinguished gentlemen. They were, apparently, convinced, but withheld their answer till the following morning.

But William Phips, stubborn adventurer, destined to receive all sorts of honours in his time, has no intention of quitting London till he has his way; and this is his thought as he steps into Cheap-side, having already made large preparations, upon the chance of success. He has gone so far as to purchase a ship called the Bridgewater Merchant, from an alderman in London, though he has not a hundred guineas at his disposal. He stands debating. A hand touches his arm, and a voice says in his ear, "You were within a mile of it with the Algier Rose, two years ago."

The great adventurer turns upon the stranger, and says, "The devil I was! And who are you?"

Sardonic humour plays in the stranger's eyes as he answers: "I am Edward Bucklaw, pirate, and keeper of the treasure-house in the La Plata River."

"Blood of Judas!" says Phips, "how dare you speak

to me? I'll have you in yon prison before night for an unhung rascal!"

"Ah! you are a great man," is the unmoved reply. "I knew you'd feel that way. But if you'll listen for five minutes, down here at the Bull-and-Daisy, there shall be peace between us."

An hour later Phips, following Bucklaw's instructions, is tracing on a map the true location of the lost galleon's treasure.

"Then," says Bucklaw, "we are comrades?"

"We are adventurers."

Another scene. In a northern inland sea two men are

standing on the deck of a ship: the one stalwart, clear-eyed, with a touch of strong reserve in face and manner; the other of middle height, with sinister look. The former is looking out silently upon the great locked hummocks of ice surrounding the vessel. It is the early morning. The sun is shining with that hard brightness only seen in the Arctic world, keen as silver, cold as steel. It plays upon the hummocks, and they send out shafts of light at fantastic angles, and a thin blue line runs between the almost unbearable general radiance and the sea of ice stretching indefinitely away. But at the west is a shore, and on it stands a fort and a few detached houses. Upon the walls of the fort are a few guns, and the British flag is flying above. Beyond these



"He will find you, Monsieur," he repeats. "When a Le Moyne is the hunter he never will kennel till the end. Besides, there is the lady!"

again are the plains of the north—the home of the elk, musk-ox, silver fox, the white bear, and the lonely races of the Pole. Here and there, in the south-west, an island of pines breaks the monotony, but to the north there is only the white silence, the terrible and yet beautiful trail of the Arctic.

The smaller man stands swinging his arms for warmth; the smack of the leather in the clear air like the report of a gun. Presently, stopping his exercise, he says—

"Well, Monsieur, what do you say?"

Slowly the young man withdraws his eyes from the scene, and turns.

"Radisson," he says, "this is much the same story as Bucklaw told Governor Nicholls. How come you to know of it?"

"You remember I was proclaimed four years ago? Well, afterwards I fell in with Bucklaw.

I sailed with him to the Spaniard's country, and we might have got the treasure, but we quarrelled; there was a fight, and I—well, we end. Bucklaw was captured by the French, and was carried to France. He was a fool to look for the treasure with a poor ship and a miserable crew. He was for getting William Phips, a man of Boston, to work with him, for Phips had got something of the secret from an old sailor; but when he would have got him Phips was on his way with a ship of King Charles. I will tell you something more: Mademoiselle Leveret's—"

"What do you know of Mademoiselle Leveret?" This sharply.

"A little. Mademoiselle's father lost much money in Phips's expedition."

"How know you that?"

I have ears. You have promised to go with Phips. Isn't that so?"

"It is so. What then?"

"I will go with you."

"Booty?"

"No, revenge."

"On whom?"

"The man you hate—Iberville!"

Gering's face darkens. "We are not likely to meet."

"Pardon, very likely. Six months ago he was coming back from France. He will find you. I know the race."

A sneer is on Gering's face. "Free-booters, outlaws like yourself!"

"Pardon, gentlemen, Monsieur: noble outlaws. What is it that once or twice they have quarrelled with the Governor, and because they would not yield, have been proclaimed? Nothing. Proclaimed yesterday, to-day at Court. No, no. I hate Iberville, but he is a great man."

In the veins of the renegade is still latent the pride of race. He is a villain, but he knows the height from which he fell. "He will find you, Monsieur," he repeats. "When a Le Moyne is the hunter he never will kennel till the end. Besides, there is the lady!"

"Silence!"

Radisson knows that he has said too much. His manner changes. "You will let me go with you?"

The Englishman remembers that this scoundrel was with Bucklaw, although he does not know that Radisson was one of the abductors.

"Never!" he says, and turns upon his heel.

A moment after, and the two have disappeared from the lonely pageant of ice and sun. Man has disappeared, but his works—houses and ships and walls and snow-topped cannon—lie there in the stern grasp of the North, while the White Weaver, at the summit of the world, is shuttling these lives into the woof of battle, murder, and sudden death.

On the shore of the La Plata River, a man lies looking into the sunset. So sweet, so beautiful is the landscape—the deep foliage, the scent of flowers, the flutter of bright-winged birds, the fern-grown walls of a ruined town, the wallowing eloquence of the river, the sonorous din of the locust—that none could think this a couch of death. A Spanish priest is making ready for that last long voyage, when the soul of man sloughs the dross of earth. Beside him kneels another priest—a Frenchman of the same order.

The dying man feebly takes from his breast a packet, and hands it to his friend.

"It is as I have said," he whispers. "Others may guess, but I know. I know, and another. The rest are all dead. There were six of us, and all were killed save myself. We were poisoned by a Spaniard. He thought he had killed all, but I lived. He also was killed. The murderer's name was Bucklaw—an English pirate. He has the secret. Once he came with a ship to find; but there was trouble, and he did not go on. An Englishman also came with the King's ship, but he did not find. But I know that the man Bucklaw will come again. It should not be. Listen: A year ago, and something more, I was travelling to the coast. From there I

was to sail for Spain. I had lost the chart of the river then. I was taken ill, and I should have died, but a young French officer stayed his men beside me, and cared for me, and had me carried to the coast, where I recovered. I did not go to Spain, and I found the chart of the river again."

There is a pause, in which the deep breathing of the dying man mingles with the low wash of the river, and presently he speaks again: "I vowed then that he should know. As God is our Father, swear that you will give this packet to himself only."

The priest, in reply, lifts the crucifix from the dying man's breast and puts his lips to it. The world seems not to know, so cheerful is it all, that, with a sob—that sob of farewell which the soul gives the body—the spirit of a man is passing the mileposts called Life, Time, and Eternity.



Then the priest makes the sacred gesture over him.

Yet another glance into passing incidents before we follow the straight trail of our story. In the city of Montreal four-score men are kneeling in a little church, as the Mass is slowly chanted at the altar. All of them are armed. By the flare of the torches and the candles—for it is not daybreak yet—you can see the flash of a scabbard, the glint of a knife, and the sheen of a bandolier.

Presently, from among them one man rises, goes to the steps of the sanctuary, and kneels. He is the leader of the expedition, the Chevalier de Troyes, the chosen of the Governor. A moment, and three other men rise, and come and kneel beside him. These are three brothers, and one we know—gallant, imperious, cordial, having the superior ease of the courtier.

The four receive a blessing from a massive handsome priest, whose face, as it bends over Iberville, suddenly flushes with feeling. Presently the others rise, but Iberville remains an instant longer, as if loth to leave.

The priest whispers to him, "Be strong, be just, be merciful."

The young man lifts his eyes to the priest's, "I will be just, Abbé!"

Then the priest makes the sacred gesture over him.

CHAPTER IX.

QUI VIVE!

The English colonies never had a race of woodsmen like the *coureurs de bois* of New France. These were a strange mixture: French peasants, half-breeds, Canadian-born Frenchmen, gentlemen of birth with lives and fortunes gone askew, and many of the native Canadian noblesse, who, like the nobles of France, forbidden to become merchants, became adventurers, with the *coureurs de bois*, who were ever with them in spirit more than with the merchant. The peasant prefers the gentleman to the bourgeois as his companion. Many a *coursier de bois* divided his tale of furs with a distressed noble or seigneur, who dare not exercise his manhood and work in the fields.

The veteran Charles le Moyne, with his sons, each of whom played a daring and important part in the history of New France—Iberville greatest—was one of the few merchants in whom was combined the trader and the noble. But he was a trader by profession before he became a seigneur. In his veins was a strain of noble blood; but leaving France and settling in Canada, he avoided the little Court at Quebec, went to Montreal, and there began to lay the foundation of his fame and fortune, and to send forth men who were as the sons of Jacob. In his heart he was always in sympathy with the woodsmen, and when they were proclaimed as perilous to the peace and prosperity of the King's Empire, he stood stoutly by them. Adventurers, they traded as they listed; and when the Intendant Duchesneau could not bend them to his greedy will, they were to be caught and hanged wherever found. King Louis hardly guessed that to carry out that order would be to reduce greatly the list of his Canadian noblesse. It struck a blow at the men who, in one of the letters which the grim Frontenac sent to Versailles not long before his death, were rightly called "The King's Traders"—more truly such than any others in New France.

Whether or not the old seigneur knew it at the time, three of his own sons were among the *coureurs de bois*—chieftains by courtesy—when they were proclaimed. And it was like Iberville that then only a lad, he came in from the woods, went to his father, and astonished him by asking for his blessing. Then he started for Quebec, and arriving there with Perrot and Du Lhut, went to the citadel at night and asked to be admitted to Count Frontenac. Perhaps the Governor—grand half-barbarian as he was at heart—guessed the nature of the visit, and before he admitted Iberville, dismissed those who were with him. There is in an old letter still preserved by an ancient family of France, an account of this interview, told by a cynical young nobleman. Iberville alone was admitted. His Excellency greeted his young visitor courteously, yet with hauteur.

"You bring strange companions to visit your Governor, Monsieur Iberville," he said.

"Comrades in peace, your Excellency, comrades in war."

"What war?"

"The King makes war against the *coureurs de bois*. There is a price on the heads of Perrot and Du Lhut. We are all in the same boat."

"You speak in riddles, Sir."

"I speak of riddles. Perrot and Du Lhut are good friends of the King. They have helped your Excellency with the Indians a score of times. Their men have been a little roystering, but that's no sin. I am one with them, and I am as good a subject as the King has."

"Why have you come here?"

"To give myself up. If you shoot Perrot or Du Lhut you will have to shoot me; and if you carry on the matter, your Excellency will not have enough gentlemen to play 'Tartuffe'."

This last remark referred to a quarrel which Frontenac had had with the Bishop, who inveighed against the Governor's intention of producing "Tartuffe" at the Château.

Iberville's daring was quite as remarkable as the position in which he had placed himself. With a lesser man than Frontenac it might have ended badly. But himself, courtier as he was, had ever used heroic methods, and could appreciate the reckless courage of youth. With grim humour he put all three under arrest, made them sup with him, and sent them

away secretly before morning, free. Before Iberville left the Governor had a word with him alone.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have a keen tongue, but our King needs keen swords, and since you have the advantage of me in this, I shall take care that you pay the bill. We have had enough of outlawry. You shall fight by rule and measure soon."

"In your Excellency's bodyguard, I hope," was the instant reply.

"In the King's navy," answered Frontenac with a smile, for he was pleased with the frank flattery.

A career different from that of George Gering, who, brought up with Puritans, had early learned to take life seriously, had little of Iberville's gay spirit, but was just such a determined, self-conscious Englishman as anyone could trust and admire, and none but an Englishman love.

And Jessica Leveret? Wherever she had been during the past four years, she had stood between these two men, regretful, wondering, waiting; and, at last, as we know, casting the die against the enemy of her country. But was it cast, after all?

Immediately after she made a certain solemn promise, recorded in the last chapter, she went once again to New York to visit Governor Nicholls. She had been there some months before, but it was only for a few weeks, and then she had met Dollier de Casson and Perrot. That her mind was influenced by memory of Iberville we may guess; but in what fashion who can say? It is not in mortal man to resolve a woman's fancy, or interpret the shadowy inclinations, the timid revulsions which move them—they cannot tell why, any more than can we. They would, indeed, be thankful to be solved unto themselves. The great moment for a man with a woman is when, by some clear guess or some special providence, he shows her in a flash her own mind. Her respect, her serious wonder are all then making for his glory. Wise and happy man, if, by a further touch of genius, he seizes the situation! Henceforth he is her master. George Gering and she had been children together, and he understood her, perhaps, as did no one else, save her father; though he never made good use of his knowledge; nor did he touch that side of her which was purely feminine—her sweet inconsistency: therefore, he was not her master.

But he had appealed to her, for he had courage, strong ambition, thorough kindness, and fine character, only marred by a want of temperament. She had avoided as long as she could the question which, on his return from service in the Navy he asked her, almost without warning; and with a touch of her old demureness and guile, she had put him off, bidding him go win his laurels as a commander. He was then commissioned for Hudson's Bay. He expected, on his return, to proceed to the Spaniards' country with William Phips, if that brave gentleman succeeded with the King or his nobles.

He demurred, but accepted the situation. He had then gone North with his ship, and, as we have seen, when Iberville started on that almost impossible journey, was preparing to return to Boston.

As he waited Iberville came on.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A "clerical host" gives some sensible and amusing advice to the "deputation" from a society who now so often appears in the parsonage. "If you preach," says he, "do preach about your special subject. . . . Do not be afraid of being 'shoppy' or 'a man of one idea.' . . . Try not to be bored if we introduce you to some of your society's best supporters in the parish. . . . If you are coloured, do not be offended if our choir boys grin when they see you. . . . Do not rush off by the earliest train next morning if you can help it. . . . Be on the watch for indications of the limits of the family larder or cellar. I once asked a dignitary who came to lunch whether he would take claret or sherry, to which he blandly replied that he would take port. I must add that I think he was a little hard of hearing."

That genial critic, "Peter Lombard," has been visiting St. Albans, and, on the whole, approves of Lord Grimthorpe's work there. The Abbey, he thinks, presents a noble appearance; it has been reverently cared for, if not always wisely, and the facilities for worship are infinitely greater than they were. He also praises the restoration of St. Peter's in the north end of the town, which has also been taken in hand by Lord Grimthorpe, and says "even if he had been more wanting in taste than he is it would surely be better to have your church Grimthorped than to have it fall in upon your head."

Father Hall preached at the annual festival of St. Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead. In the course of a speech at luncheon he recalled his experiences of the West. There were lessons, he said, to be learnt from the Church in America, lessons of encouragement and warning. He did not think that the American Church suffered from being free from State patronage and State control, and though he was not saying that Disestablishment in England was parallel with non-Establishment there, he did not think they need be much afraid of Disestablishment if it ever came. There was also a lesson of warning that the Church of England must perfect her organisation, which was much inferior to that of the American Church.

The curiosities of religious biography are endless, but few can surpass this, taken from a recently-published book: "I have Tennyson's last volume by me, and feel a little disappointed—perhaps because of the absence of all human interest. At this time of day one cannot go along with the quest for an imaginary cup." This is a choice morsel of criticism.

The meetings of the Wesleyan Conference at Cardiff have been interesting and pleasant, but comparatively uneventful. While the progressive party in the Conference seems to gather strength, conservatism is still very strong (I am using the word in a non-political sense), and no immediate changes will be made in the methods of Wesleyanism.

V.

LITERATURE.

THE ODD WOMEN.

The Odd Women. By George Gissing. Author of "New Grub Street," "Demos," &c. In three vols. (Lawrence and Bullen).—The "odd women"—the half million or so for whom there is "no making a pair"—these are the theme of Mr. Gissing's latest novel, a novel which is in many ways a distinct advance upon anything which he has done yet. Like most persons who contemplate the problem of the unmarried and untrained woman, he is inclined to think the problem due to a far greater extent than is really the case to mere difference in the numbers of the sexes. It is not so much because, as one of Miss Mary Wilkins's personages says, there are not husbands "enough to go round," as because of various social and economic conditions that women (and men, too) remain unmarried. The apparent surplus of women is largely due to the fact that they live longer. If a hundred men and a hundred women were to be born every year, and if all the men lived to fifty, while all the women lived to fifty-one, there would be a permanent surplus of a hundred women, and yet every one of these might have been married to one of the hundred men born in the same year as herself. Still, it remains true for practical purposes that a large group of women, especially in the poorer middle class, has no opportunity of suitable marriage. That these women should be trained to callings by which they can live—partly, among many other reasons, in the interests of the dignity of marriage—is the moral of Mr. Gissing's book, and he develops it out of a variety of different situations, all of which rise in natural connection. He gives us a shop-girl of gentle breeding who accepts marriage as a mere escape from slavery, and finds that she has but forged herself a heavier chain; an out-of-work "companion" led gradually, by semi-starvation and lack of mental interests, to drink; a well-meaning young man debarred from marriage by the necessity of supporting his unmarried sisters, and consoling himself by a disastrous flirtation with another man's wife; and glimpses of several varieties of married life, mostly unhappy. Finally, he shows us a little group of active, intelligent women, working for themselves and for their sisters, and regarding the world with a courage and a resolution that make the bright spot in a gloomy picture. In the conversations of these women is contained the argumentative kernel of the book; and Mr. Gissing has succeeded in the feat, so often attempted in the modern novel, but so seldom achieved, of giving to discussions of social problems the twofold interest attaching to them in real life—an interest, namely, in the thing said, for its own sake, and an interest in it as a display of character on the part of the person saying it. This double interest is especially well marked when the speakers are Rhoda Nunn and Everard Barfoot. The growth of intimacy and regard between the enlightened independent spinster and the rather dilettante wandering bachelor is singularly well told, but it leads up to the weak point of the story. We feel, as we read, that between two persons so clear-sighted, so outspoken, and so fully aware of the pitfalls of married life, the natural end would be a real marriage—that is to say, an equal union, in which each would respect the freedom and individuality of the other, and in which each would find the completest development. Surely such a man and woman—both, be it remembered, over thirty years old—are not likely to spoil their own and each other's lives by a display of sheer perverse stubbornness. As long as they hover on the edge of a decisive avowal their conduct is natural and reasonable enough; but when they come to the crisis they show themselves as touchy, as unreasonable, and as eager "not to give in" as a pair of lovers still in their teens. The conduct of Rhoda, in particular, is gravely out of character. On one day she receives from Everard the most solemn, deliberate, and repeated assurances that no woman has any moral claim upon him, and that he has not "during the past three months made professions of love or even pretended love to any woman." On the next, a story reaches her which seems at first sight seriously compromising to him. Of course, such a story told of the man to whom she has just engaged herself would distress any woman; and a quite young girl, inexperienced in pain, might not improbably visit hers on her lover, as a child beats the table against which it has knocked its head. But surely a mature woman of unusually sincere, just, and open-minded character would not, while those words of assurance were still ringing in her ears, take up an attitude of cold estrangement. And if by any chance, in any sudden gust of unreasonable jealousy, she had taken up such a position, is it credible that later, when a complete explanation reached her, which not only exonerated Everard, but showed him ignorant of the very facts, she should still have kept up her offended attitude, experiencing no remorse and making no sign? Surely to such a woman as Rhoda the perception that she had acted unjustly and ungenerously would involve immediate confession of her error. But, no; she will not take the first step and he will not take the first step—which really, under the circumstances, is more pardonable; and when, after all, he does make the first advance, she neither acknowledges nor apologises for the grave wrong she did him, but refuses—still with the manner of an injured person—to make up the quarrel, which was so clearly no fault of his. This is the conduct of an ungenerous, a selfish, and especially an undisciplined woman, and is out of keeping with all the previous history of Rhoda Nunn. It would almost seem as if hatred of the conventional "happy ending" had led Mr. Gissing to that same sacrifice of truthful portraiture into which so many of his predecessors have been betrayed by their love of it.

Happily, in a good novel it is the impression of the best part which remains, while the weaker pages fade away. Who remembers the loves of Madeline Bray (if, indeed, that was her name) and Nicholas Nickleby? but who forgets Mrs. Nickleby or the Crummles family? The parts that remain of "The Odd Women" are the picture of the three sisters Madden, and that of Rhoda and Miss Barfoot, comrades in work, hope, and friendship. These parts of the book are better, truer, and, it may be fairly added, better written than anything which Mr. Gissing had previously published; and to say that is not to say little.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

A GOOD SWORD.

Memoirs of Baron de Marbot. Translated from the French by A. J. Butler. (Longmans, Green, and Co., 1893. Fourth edition).—One gains more real knowledge of an historical epoch from its men of middle rank than from its great men or their biographers; and especially is this the case when we come to consult the memoirs of the actors in history. Great personages either have no leisure for memoirs or they have not time to be accurate; or, either from natural personal bias or from the desire of presenting themselves in a favourable light, they distort and falsify events. The best and most valuable testimony is that given by men who were sufficiently important to be well acquainted with the inner history of their time, while not prominent enough to make it worth their while to alter the picture in reproducing it.

Marcellin Marbot was a typical Napoleonic soldier. He was born too late to feel the stern Republican enthusiasm of the soldiers of 1793; and when he was making his first essay in arms, a mere boy as yet, his father died in the misery of the frightful siege of Genoa, just before Bonaparte emerged a conqueror from the chance-mellay of Marengo. So that Marbot fell naturally into the rear ranks of the brilliant cortège of the First Consul, soon transformed into an Emperor, and, rising gradually from subaltern to colonel, did his share of good fighting, had more than his share of wounds and less than his share of glory, till, after a thirteenth wound in Algeria, he died, full of years and honours, in 1854. His record is one of the best of his time; his memoirs are a tale of duty steadfastly done, of dangers braved and misery suffered without complaint.

His campaigns were as numerous, probably, as those of any veteran. First serving in the unfortunate Army of Italy till it was compelled to capitulate in Genoa, he arrived at Marengo in time to take part in the battle. Next, he was employed in Spain against Portugal, and, after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, was one of the army at Boulogne. With the Grand Army he made the campaigns of Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau. Almost slain at the latter battle, he recovered in time to close the Russian war at the battle of Friedland. Thence he hurried off to Spain, was twice wounded there, and returned for the Austrian war of 1809. Wounded at Essling, he yet watched the death-bed of Marshal Lannes. Then to Spain again, where he took part in Masséna's fruitless campaign; back in 1812 for the Russian expedition, in which the cavalry regiment he commanded was the only one to come out with a full complement of men and horses.

Marbot fought through 1813 in Germany, and his regiment came off best from the defeat of the Katzbach; and his memoirs close with the abdication of Napoleon in 1814. He fought, however, at Waterloo, and was at the extreme right of the French army, hoping to give a hand to Grouchy, and only meeting the Prussians of Bulow. Exile followed, but eventually he was restored to the army. His old friend Labédoyère, who had been first to mount the wall of Ratisbon with him, higher in place and more sudden in his change of masters, was shot as a traitor.

The memoirs are partly a sketch of the military events that came under Marbot's observation, partly a history of his personal adventures. Interspersed are vivid sketches of the marshals and great men of the Empire. Probably few men were better fitted to represent the best side of Napoleon's followers—those veteran soldiers to whom war was the business of life, and who were yet simple and kindly in daily life, though terrible in fight. It says much for Napoleon that, in spite of his violent spoliations, his reckless adventuring the lives of his men, he retained the unflinching loyalty of men like Marbot, though they saw to the full the iniquity of such measures as his treacherous seizure of Spain. Still, if the Emperor commanded anything, it must be done; and if the promised reward was delayed it was because the Emperor had so much business on his hands. If the reward does come, or even a kind word or playful pinch of the ear—well, it is one of the finest days of Marbot's life.

The judgments Marbot passes on the Peninsular War are especially interesting. To be sure, he had read Napier, and thus was working on another man's record. But his personal knowledge helps to explain how, with such inferior numbers, Wellington contrived to be superior at the decisive point, or at least to outface and baffle armies able, as far as numbers and quality went, to devour his motley forces. The perpetual jealousy and wrangling between the Marshals, the confusion created by orders from home, the opportunities sacrificed, the risks unnecessarily run wherever Napoleon was not in person, abundantly explain the Spanish disasters and the ruin that ended the campaign of 1813. One is tempted—so sensible are the criticisms of Marbot—to speculate what he would have done as a Marshal. But it is easy to be wise after the event; and great as was Marbot's success with his regiment, it does not follow that he would have done well in a larger command, even as Dupont, famous as a general of division, failed miserably in independent command.

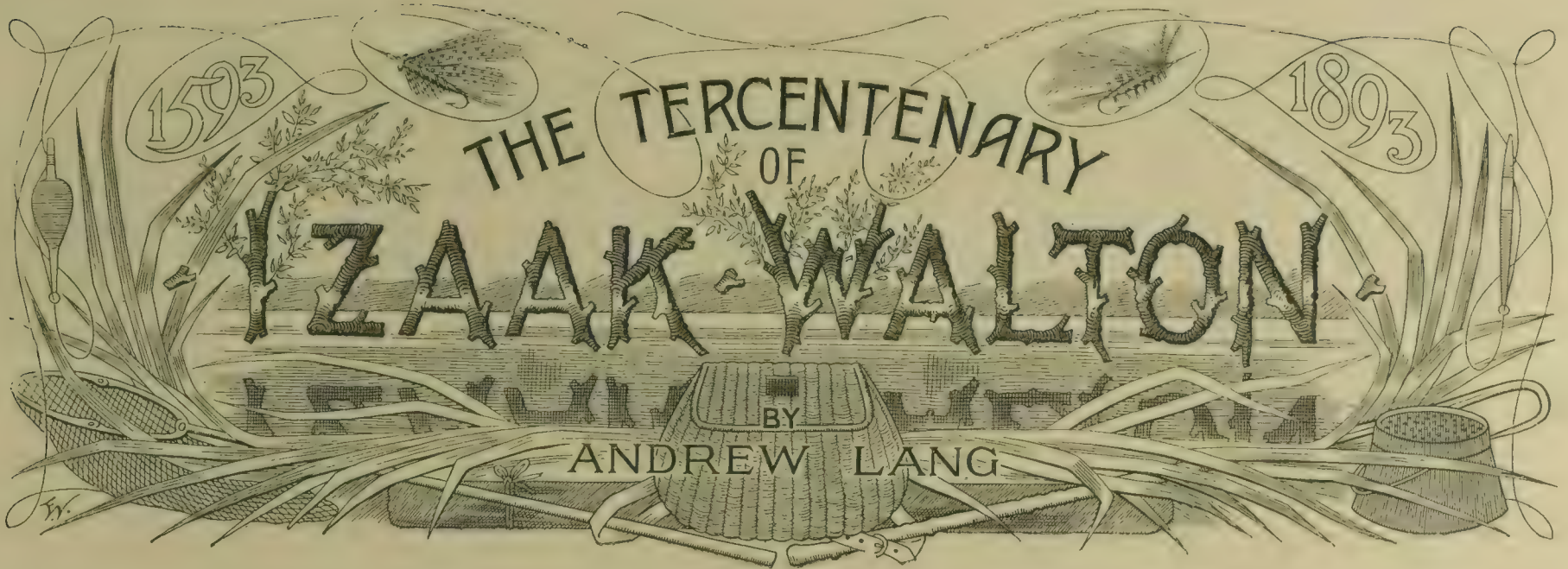
A recent work on the Waterloo campaign has brought out strongly the disastrous results of the lack of an efficient and practised chief-of-staff with Napoleon in 1815. But even under Berthier, in 1813, the same evils occurred. The dread which all but a few of the marshals entertained of going beyond Napoleon's orders, or even supplying a want which he had not noticed, led directly to the great disaster of Leipzig, by leaving the outnumbered French army but one bridge by which to retreat over the river. Again, there seemed a certain fatality in Napoleon's choice of marshals and the work he entrusted to them. Davoust, by far the best leader of an army he possessed, was hardly used in the field in 1813, and was left at Paris in 1815, while the courageous but insubordinate Ney, who almost always failed in separate command, was still constantly employed.

The translation of the memoirs, by Mr. A. J. Butler, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is excellent. It retains the French flavour, but it is good English almost always. The more tedious parts, where Marbot is merely historical, are skilfully condensed. In short, the good old soldier has been as happy in his translator as he was consistently unhappy in suffering wounds; and to one who wishes to see the inner life of the wonderful Grand Army his book is indispensable.

A. R. ROPES.



"YACHT AHoy!"—SOONER BACK THAN EXPECTED.



On August 9, three hundred years ago, Izaak Walton was born at Stafford. Of his first twenty years we know literally nothing at all; at twenty he probably was attached to the business of Henry Walton, a haberdasher in Whitechapel. As early as 1619 a poem was dedicated

to his credit is known of Walton. The best of men have their faults; bait-fishing was Izaak's "redeeming vice." In 1640 Mrs. Walton died; she and her husband had been tried by the loss of seven children. In 1644, he retired from business, and lived as best he could through

"the decay of common honesty" that attended the Great Rebellion. His only comfort was that, at least, he was no Covenanter. In 1646 Walton married again, a Mistress Ken, a kinswoman of the Bishop's. His movements are now uncertain; probably he lived partly in Stafford, fishing Shawford Brook, which he mentions in a song, partly in London. After Worcester fight he carried a jewel of Charles II. to Colonel Blague, a Cavalier prisoner in the Tower, who made his escape, and restored the gem to the King. Ashmole tells the story, and says that Walton is "well beloved of all good men."

Among Izaak's writings he mentions the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert. Worcester fight was in 1651; in 1653, in his sixtieth year, Walton published his "Compleat Angler." Successive editions were altered and enlarged, but 1653

weed breeds pickerel. Walton "huffed away, which rendered him rather a formal opinionist than a reformed and practical artist." In truth, Walton was content with tradition and old authorities—Gesner, Dubravius, and Aldrovanus. Authority was his guiding star in Church, State, and angling. Franck was really a finished angler: he fished Scotland from the Esk to the Naver, and, as a Cromwellian, he naturally was of a radical turn, caring no more for Aldrovanus than for Laud. Franck wrote as ill as Walton wrote well; his dialogues, in "Northern Memoirs," are all dull pedantries, except when he comes to practice, and then we recognise a master. He has no nonsense about magical baits, but sticks to his Jock Scotts and Blue Doctors, though he does not give the flies their modern names.

The Restoration can have delighted no man more than honest Izaak. He flowed in loyal song, in an eclogue called "Damon and Doris." In 1662 his second wife died; soon after he withdrew to Winchester, to Bishop Morley's. There he wrote the "Life of Hooker," and no doubt he caught great trout—with worm, alas!—in the Itchen.

In 1672 Cotton wrote a poem to Walton; and Cotton, as an artist in fly-fishing, contributed a secondary treatise to "The Compleat Angler." This was in 1676; in the same year Cotton built his famous fishing house on the Dove, where his initials are interwoven with Walton's in a cypher. In 1683 Walton made his will at Winchester, leaving a sum to buy coals every year for the poor of Stafford, "at the time the hardest and most pinching for poor people," the end of January. The will is sealed with the ring given to Walton by Donne, our Lord crucified on the anchor of Hope. He died on December 15, 1683, and is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

A brief record of a long, charitable, kind and pious life seems the best way of contributing to the memory of Izaak Walton. His pastoral in prose has rarely been blamed, except by Byron and Franck. The charm of peace, content, goodwill to men; the love of green old England, where still the milkmaids sang; despite religious and political revolution, inform that delightful work, which is like a fragrant flower in the sternest chapter of English history. Say what men will of the Church and the Crown, Nonconformity and Republicanism have never produced, can never produce, a treasure like "The Compleat Angler."



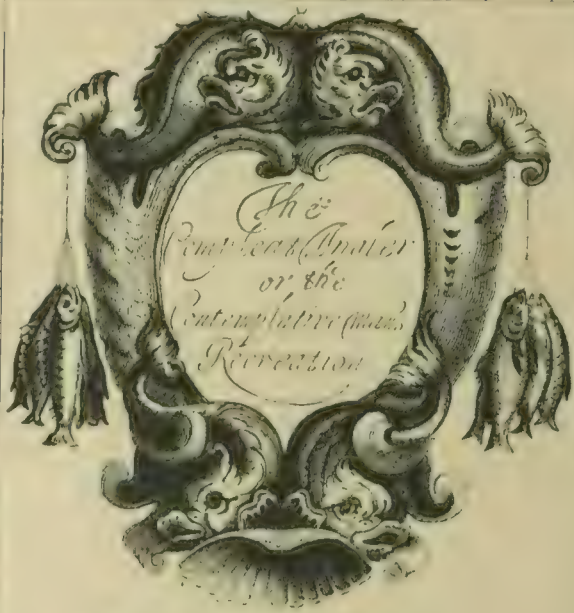
IZAAK WALTON.
After Hugsman.

to Izaak, "The Love of Amos and Laura," by S. P. The dedication shows that Walton was himself already a versifier; nobody guessed that he was to be famous as a writer of prose, but as a poet, very far from glorious. Soon we find Walton engaged in the one delight which was as dear to him as angling, the society of the clergy. In 1624 Izaak dwelt in Fleet Street, two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and Dr. Donne was already Vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West. Through his poet-vicar, probably, Walton became the friend of Sir Henry Wotton, Hales of Eton, Dr. Henry King, and other pious and learned persons. He also knew Ben Jonson and the river-loving poet, Drayton. Together they may have fished the Lea; there was good fishing at Hackney then and long afterwards. In 1626 Walton married his first wife, Rachel Ploud (a watery name); the lady was related to the family of Cranmer. In 1631 Donne died; Walton wrote his Life, and a eulogy in verse. In 1639 Wotton writes to Izaak "about the approaching time of the fly and the cork," and this is our earliest proof that Izaak was an angler. He was better with "the cork"—that is, the float—than the fly, being a confirmed bait-fisher. Nothing else not wholly

is the date of the little book for which such enormous sums are paid. No man censured it, save that robust salmon-fisher and Cromwellian trooper, Richard Franck. Writing in 1658, Franck calls Izaak's book "an undigested octavo," and Izaak a plagiarist. All good men have been called plagiarists. The truth is that Walton borrowed his fly-fishing lore, as he acknowledged, from Thomas Barker (1651), and that traditional ideas from Dame Juliana Berners occur in his work, just as ideas of Walton's occur in all the later angling literature down to our time. Franck once met Walton at Stafford, and attacked his fabulous doctrine that pickerel



Izaak Walton's House
Shallowford
Staffordshire



Being a Discourse of
FISH and FISHING,
Not unworthy the perusal of most *Anglers*

Simon Peter said, I go a fishing and they said, We also wil go with thee. John 21. 3.

London, Printed by T. Maxey for Rich. MARRIOT, in
S. Dunstons Church-Yard, Fleet Street, J633.

FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF
THE "COMPLEAT ANGLER."

A quiet mind had, in those days, its own paradise of content, whither it could withdraw and be in charity with the world. Walton lives with Bunyan, a character as gentle and loving as his own, but trained in another school. Walton by the Itchen is not more at ease in his heart and at peace with men than Bunyan in his prison at Bedford. But Walton had never known doubt, or stress of soul, or fear concerning the destiny which is in the hands of God. All these things had been familiar to Bunyan, and he had overcome them all. By waters more peaceful than Shawford Brook these kindred souls, on earth divided, may have met ere now, and known each other for brethren in goodness and charity. The strife of their times may have severed their sympathies on earth; in heaven they know how all things are reconciled in love.

In Walton's time, of course, there were no tercentenaries—nothing of the kind. The Church's festivals were kept, except by Puritans, who could neither be led nor driven into enjoying themselves. There was the fast for the Royal Martyr, there was Oak-apple Day, and so forth. The fast has been dropped out of our Prayer Book; I do not know why, but probably to conciliate enlightened Liberal opinion. I saw a fellow selling oak badges in Oxford on May 29, and heard one undergraduate ask another the reason why. Perhaps the vendor

himself did not know. Even in loyal Oxford, he alone, a shabby lad enough, seemed to keep in touch with tradition. Our feasts are rare enough, and very unlike Izaak's. Still, there is a certain loyalty of a new sort in commemorating his well-beloved and blameless name, which blossoms in the dust, sweet smelling after these three hundred years. They have altered well-nigh everything. On the whole, Izaak came just at the right time, despite the turmoil of the time. He would not have made a happy change, had he been born among us. Our angling literature is copious, practical, full of anecdote; Walton alone gave it style. He is not so much unrivalled as absolutely alone. Heaven meant him for the place he fills, as it meant the cowslip and the Mayfly. He wrote with love, and he wrote in leisure, not pursued about the land by printers' devils and proof-sheets. Some of his sweetest sentences—rich, musical, and melancholy—he is known to have meditated and practised writing them out in various forms till he found perfection.



OLD HOUSE IN EAST GATE STREET, STAFFORD.
Supposed to have been the house in which Izaak Walton was born.

In words he was an artist, and a careful artist, weighing syllables and adjusting ideas to their form. Yet he seems—that is the skill of his touch—to write with a flowing pen, without blotting a line. There is no appearance of research, no modern nice derangement of epithets about his manner. The authors of England owe him praise no less than the anglers. His book reminds us that even the anglers of the Restoration were men with ears for the music of words; that in those days, a book, even for a sport, was literature. Of Walton nobody has compiled, as in Shakspeare's case, a "Century of Praise." When did his readers awake to the knowledge that in Walton we have a Master? Industrious research might discover the history of Walton's rise to renown. He is all we have by way of a Theocritus, though he writes in prose. Perhaps histories of literature cannot tell us how he and Sir Thomas Browne acquired their styles, such styles as a changed world cannot see again. As Charles V. said of Florence, they are too beautiful to see except on holidays; too good for workaday hours. The best way of commemorating Walton is not by statues and speeches but by being of his temper, and by reading him. But that is perhaps the last honour which the world pays to an old author.

We are indebted to Mr. R. B. Marston, of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., for permission to reproduce three of the illustrations. They are taken from the "Lea and Dove" edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," a book which Mr. Marston has edited and which the above-named firm has published in two volumes.



MONUMENT TO IZAAK WALTON IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH,
STAFFORD.



IZAAK WALTON'S HOUSE IN FLEET STREET.



IZAAK WALTON'S FISHING HUT.

Walton and Cotton
Fishing Flyse
Berkeford Dale.



IV.—THE DELIGHT OF FALLING DOWNSTAIRS BACKWARDS.

(Contributed by Master Augustus Constantine Crichton, aged 14.)

I have been asked to contribute a paper to this series in *The Illustrated London News*. As I think the *Illustrated* is good, and ought to be encouraged, I have consented. I wrote to the Editor to express my willingness. In that letter I asked him if he really understood grammar and spelling and stops to correct the article. If he did not understand such things, I asked him to leave it alone and not to attempt corrections out of false pride. I enclosed a stamped envelope, and directed him to reply in his own handwriting on one side of the paper only. He has not done so. I might have expected that; but I only hope he may tear that stamp in floating it off the envelope. Even if he gets the stamp off all right I shall not have lost much, because it was not properly my stamp to begin with, but one that I took.

I send the article all the same; and this is a pretty good proof that I am not malicious. I have, however, been frequently considered malicious. I am not appreciated in my home. I have been called a vexatious little brute by my own grandmother. You would have thought that she, being on the brink of the tomb, would have been more careful what she said; but those were the words which she used. My father so far forgot himself as to say that I was the most perfect nuisance he had ever seen. The sermon that Sunday night was against evil speaking, and I looked hard at him to see if it was affecting him properly. He seemed grave at the time, but he cannot have been really sorry, as he afterwards made use of the same expression again. If I do the least little thing I get chastised for it. For instance, I had frequently noticed that our kitten was always running after its own tail; so I tied the tip of its tail to its near foreleg, in order that it might be able to reach it more easily. Then it played at being a whirlwind, and they accused me of torturing it; so I had one week's pocket-money stopped. Nobody loves me, and nobody understands me. I once read a book about a boy who was misunderstood; but then he had a dangerous illness and died, and scored all round. I never have anything. It seemed a mockery to ask me what was my dearest delight on earth.

However, I reflected that it might be Turkish Delight. When I have been accused of anything I have often found Turkish Delight a great consolation. I bought another box to-day to see if it really was the dearest delight in the world. It is not. It goes too quickly; it costs money; less than enough of it only irritates you, and enough of it always makes you ill.

But a week or two ago I saw in a comic paper a picture of a man falling downstairs backwards. The man was clutching with both hands, and there was nothing to clutch. You saw that he would have to go all the way down and that he would hurt himself badly. I thoroughly enjoyed that picture; it was very lifelike. You could almost fancy that you heard the man going bumpety-bump down the stairs. It made me laugh out loud. I cut the picture out and pasted it in my atlas, on the back of Asia Minor, just opposite to Palestine. Consequently, whenever we did Palestine, I saw that picture; and whenever I saw that picture I laughed. Of course, that got me into a good many rows. It is supposed to be particularly bad to laugh when you are doing Palestine. I got about five hundred lines altogether. Of course, it was not my fault. I should not have looked at the map of Palestine if I had not been ordered to do it. Personally, I would just as soon have been doing the principal towns on the east coast of England, and there I should not have been compelled to see the picture which made me laugh. But it is useless for me to expect ordinary justice either at home or at school, or anywhere else. They tell me to do a thing, and I do it, and then they punish me for doing it. A picture is all very well, and this picture gave me a good deal of pleasure. But it was not the real thing, and naturally I wanted the real thing. About this time a boy at school—his name is Porter and he is a liar—told me a way to make a telephone with two pill-boxes and some string. He said that it was very much cheaper than the other kind of telephone and almost as good. I believed him, and began to fit one up at home between my bed-room and the kitchen. Then, I thought, if I happened to be ill and had to have breakfast in bed, I should be able to tell the cook exactly what I wanted to eat, without giving a servant the trouble of coming upstairs to find out. I only did it in order to save trouble and out of thoughtfulness for other people. I happened to fix the string right across the stairs; there was nowhere else to fix it. Besides, I am continually being told to look where I am going; if other people had looked where they were going there would never have been any accident. I didn't want to cause an accident. At the same time I must confess that it was the finest thing I ever saw in my life, and I would not have missed it for worlds. Our butler was carrying some glass upstairs when he tripped over the string; I happened to be watching him at the time. He bumped down four stairs, hurt the back of his head, and broke the glass. I did enjoy it. I hurt myself with laughing about it; in the night I woke up and roared with laughter simply from thinking about it. It was twenty times better than the mere picture of the fall. Yes, the dearest delight in the world is tumbling downstairs backwards; once see a man fall like that, and you are happy for days afterwards.

P.S.—There has been some delay in forwarding this article because, shortly after writing the above, an attempt was made to murder me; at least, it was just as bad. The man who put down the stair-carpet had left one rod loose. I do not know whether it was a vulgar practical joke or done out of spite. However, I hope you will be sorry to hear that I fell and hurt myself. I have several large bruises, and

am quite unable to do any lessons. I take as much nourishment as I can. The doctor says that there is nothing the matter with me: he says that simply out of unpleasantness. I am disgusted with everybody; no one seems to show me any sympathy, and, although I am really much hurt, I am compelled to get up at the usual early hour. I hate this world; there are no solid delights in it at all. Even tumbling downstairs backwards is, I find, a thing of which you get tired. It never makes me laugh now when I think about it.



Our butler was carrying some glass upstairs when he tripped over the string; I happened to be watching him at the time. He bumped down four stairs, hurt the back of his head, and broke the glass. I did enjoy it.



THE VICTORIA COURT-MARTIAL ON BOARD H.M.S. HIBERNIA AT MALTA: EXAMINATION OF ADMIRAL MARKHAM, JULY 19.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN C. FIELD.

ART NOTES.

The selected works by the students of the National Art Schools, now to be seen at South Kensington under unusually favourable conditions, show in some classes a marked advance upon the work of former years. Upwards of three thousand seven hundred works were selected out of nearly one hundred thousand sent in from the various Science and Art Schools. Two out of eleven gold medals are awarded to a Leicester student for drawings from life. Clapham also carries off two medals, one being awarded to a lady for an oil painting, while another lady, from Canterbury, obtains a well-earned gold medal for a design for mosaic pavement. Birmingham, Newcastle, Rochester, and York also sent up gold medalists, and South Kensington, with a proper regard for the arts of design, similarly rewards one of its own pupils for a stencilled design of a curtain. Some of the modelling from life is very praiseworthy, and it would seem that the instruction given at the National Art Training School has been especially satisfactory in its results; but, as the examiners point out, the work in relief from the antique is unsatisfactory and slovenly. In the arts of design there is, however, almost throughout the same fault—the flower or figure is elaborated with quite unnecessary minuteness, while the design—which in textile fabrics, wall-papers, &c.,

fantastic creatures and brilliant flowers. For these two specimens of Italian ware of the fifteenth century Mr. Salting paid £4000. Forli, Urbino, Faenza, and Palissy wares are also largely represented, but it can scarcely be said that the specimens surpass in beauty or rarity those already in the South Kensington Museum. We must, however, be grateful to Mr. Salting for having once more redressed the balance of Henri Deux ware—or, as it is now called, Faience de Saint Porchaire—in favour of our own country. The triangular salt-cellar which he managed to obtain for £800 is an excellent specimen of this ware, but it would seem from the prices realised at the Spitzer sale that the rage which once prevailed for this work has recently subsided. Among the most interesting objects are the specimens of Augsburg, Flemish, and Italian cutlery of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Not a few of these articles show to what perfection this handicraft had been brought in Europe by the patience and good taste of the workmen trained by the various national guilds.

The mystery of "the lost Duchess" will scarcely be cleared up by the tardy confessions of Mr. Adam Wirth, now a prisoner in the Louvain or Liège jail. Mr. Wirth, who can claim American nationality, was wanted by the

Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew were publishing, and had subsequently risen to distinction as a water-colour artist of delicate sensitiveness. For "The Harbour of Refuge" Walker was paid £1200, or guineas, which was at the time the highest price he had ever received; but any one of his oil pictures nowadays would probably reach five times that price.

A French critic, who has passed the early months of this year in London, gives in the current number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* an interesting estimate of the state of English art, as shown in the various exhibitions of the year. Mr. Burne-Jones, who has this year been revealed to the Parisians at the Salon by his "Mermaid," finds favour with M. Leprieux for the unity of his work, traceable through an art career of thirty years. In the critic's opinion, although Mr. Burne-Jones may change the theme or the note of his composition, the poetic sentiment by which it is inspired has never altered. At the Royal Academy he places Mr. Sargent in the first rank and the rest nowhere. The fault of our portrait painters, he thinks, is that they interfere too much with the natural beauty of their sitters. In Mr. Briton Riviere and Mr. Frank Dicksee he recognises very distinct power; but in "The King's Libation," by the former, the king and his attendants are merely the pretext for the study of dead lions, while Mr. Dicksee, he thinks, is too much preoccupied in reconstructing history to allow himself to be carried away by the sentiment of the



ANCON.

THUNDERER.

IRIS.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE RED B FLEET LEAVING MILFORD HAVEN.

See "Our Illustrations."

is the more important—is left to shift for itself. What is needed in our art schools is to persuade students in design not to aim at becoming artists of pictures.

Mr. Salting's purchases at the Spitzer sale are now on view at the South Kensington Museum, and, whatever may be the opinion of experts on the value of each individual object, the collection—which fills four or five cases—shows the catholicity of Mr. Salting's taste. The two most important objects for most students will be the bronze statue of a knight on horseback—attributed to Andrea Briosco, or Il Riccio, who lived at Padua at the close of the fifteenth century—and the Hispano-Moresco dish of Valencia ware, which is assigned to the earlier part of the same century. The decoration of the latter is that of a rough armorial shield, the quarters being alternately marked by horizontal and perpendicular lines of colour. The decoration on the reverse of the plate is of a rich bronze colour; while on the obverse the colouring is a rich blue, such as is seen in old Rhodian ware. For the bronze figure Mr. Salting paid 46,500 f., and 10,000 f. for the lustre-dish; but in both cases these prices fell below those paid for the various specimens of Caffagiolo ware, of which the most remarkable is that representing Judith on horseback, accompanied by her maidservant, who holds in her hand the head of Holofernes. Scarcely less important a prize was another plate of the same ware representing the story of Leda, surrounded by

police here and elsewhere in connection with a series of robberies of securities on their way from London to the Continent or vice versa. He was supposed to be in possession of a "master-key," by which Chubb's or Bramah's locks were indiscriminately and without violence opened. For many years he managed to elude the vigilance of those set to watch him, although his connection with the actual perpetrators of the robberies was never a matter of doubt. "The lost Duchess" has, moreover, a mystery of her own, for according to the best-received version the lady exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery in 1876 had, in the century which had elapsed since she appeared at Somerset House, in or about 1778, shifted her position, and smiled upon the spectator from the opposite side of the canvas.

Through the well-timed generosity of Mr. William Agnew, the National Gallery can at length boast of a specimen of Frederick Walker's oil work. "The Harbour of Refuge," which is now hung on a screen, belongs to the most happy moment of the artist's genius, and was painted before the shadow of death, which for so long hung over him, had deepened into despair. By a strange coincidence "The Harbour of Refuge" was exhibited simultaneously at Burlington House with George Mason's "Harvest Moon"; but in the latter case the artist was not destined to survive the fame his picture earned for him. Walker lived three years longer, and it was not until 1875 that his body was brought from Perthshire, where he had died, to repose in the churchyard of the pretty village of Cookham, where he had passed so many happy hours. Mr. Agnew had been one of the earliest to recognise the talent of the young artist, who had commenced by doing woodcuts for the periodicals which

scene. Among our sculptors, Mr. Onslow Ford's "Applause," contrasted by its calm repose with the noisy and agitated "Bellona" of M. Gérôme, alone finds grace in his eyes. In the general rank and file of English artists, Academicians and outsiders, he recognises much meritorious painting, but in their choice of subjects they are timorous, and the composition of their pictures is usually flabby and conventional. Their standard of conviction is that of the dealers to whom they look for support, not the taste of a public which they feel incompetent to educate or lead.

No one among our Royal Academicians is more successful in rendering the more aristocratic types of national beauty than Mr. James Sant. He may have a conventional idea of beauty which makes him appear to many as inspired by the classes rather than by the masses, and in this respect he differs from Sir John Millais, Mr. George Leslie, and many of his confrères. Mr. Sant's work, however, is always graceful as well as aristocratic. Those who remember the group of three girls engrossed in "A Moving Story," which was at Burlington House last year, will probably agree that it was one of Mr. Sant's most successful pictures of recent years. It has now been engraved in pure mezzotint by Mr. Charles Tomkins with excellent results; and the printing by the Woodbury Company (Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode) leaves nothing to be desired. The specially English form of mouth, which our French friends regard as indicative of the cruelty of our fellow-countrywomen, is that which commends itself to Mr. Sant's taste; and it must be admitted that in his hands "the rabbit mouth" is capable of expressing the softest feeling and the most delicate sensibility.

A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL TOUR IN CENTRAL ASIA

In the summer of 1891 the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan, Lieutenant-General Baron Wrewsky, performed a toilsome but interesting journey among the mountains of the Alai, beyond Tashkend and Ferghana, towards the eastern frontier of the Russian Empire bordering on the Chinese territory of Kashgar. We are favoured by Prince A. Gagarino with a series of photographs and a narrative of this expedition, which led into a sequestered highland region already visited by the noted geographical explorer Colonel Grombchevsky. Baron Wrewsky was accompanied by his official staff, by the chief members of the local administration, and by several engineers or other scientific specialists, who were to examine the country with a view to irrigation plans and the making of roads. The party travelled on horseback, and a large number of pack-horses were needful to carry their provisions. They assembled at Tchimgan about the middle of June. A military escort was furnished by half a squadron of Orenburg Cossacks from the garrisons of Tashkend and Marghilan. On July 16 the expedition started, going up the valley of the Tchatal to Britch-Mollah, the last native village of the Turkomans, beyond which, for a distance of 250 versts, there were only a few encampments of half-wild Kara-Kirghiz nomadic tribes.

The Tchatal, along the banks of which the route lay for 140 versts, is one of the affluents of the Tchirteik, a considerable river that waters the oasis of Tashkend, giving fertility to its plantations of rice, cotton, and tobacco. The Tchatal, rising among the snows of the Mount Alexander range, descends westward; the first portion of its course flowing down grassy mountain slopes, at an elevation of 7000 ft., which afford pasture to innumerable flocks and herds; the next part being a valley, four miles wide, still uninhabited, but well wooded, and suitable for agricultural settlement; and the western part consisting of a narrow rocky gorge, with almost vertical walls of cliffs, where the road is a mere path, often compelled to make a zigzag ascent and descent, or to pass along the brink of a tremendous precipice. It is fatiguing and severely trying to the nerves to ride along this path, where a false step would kill both horse and man, or to cross the gorge and the stream by rude bridges, apparently of frail construction. In some places, where the rocky surface affords not a morsel of soil, the natives have put up, on the side of the cliff, platforms made of boughs of trees, with a layer of earth upon them, upon which vegetables are cultivated for their use.

On July 22 the expedition reached the Pass of Tchaptchama, 10,000 ft. above the sea-level, and here gained a view of the beautiful valley of the Kassan-Su, with its fair



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BARON ALEXANDER WREWSKY,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF RUSSIAN TURKESTAN.

park-like scenery, through which lay the road to Ferghana. This valley, unfortunately, is accessible only at certain periods of the year. The melting of the snows in the spring converts the stream into a raging torrent, which carries away the bridges. And even now, late in summer, the water was too high for riding on into the Ferghana valley at the place where the Kassan-Su, narrowing its channel, traverses the Kara-Boura mountain range. From the summit of the Tchaptchama Pass the view was most impressive, extending over a space of more than 100 versts; and the atmosphere was so clear that villages lying far

away in the plain seemed to be quite near the travellers, who could trace the whole length of the irrigation canals, and even count the trees at an immense distance.

The town of Kassan, where they arrived on July 26, was formerly the summer residence of the Khans of Khokand. It consists of about two thousand houses, with a motley population of diverse races, illustrating different periods of the history of the country; the aboriginal Tadjiks, the Kirghiz and Usbek Tartars, and a few Hindoos, each nation preserving its special costume and its characteristic physiognomy. Here were collected some Mohammedan dervishes, calenders, and fakeers. The arrival of the Russian Governor-General was joyfully greeted by the people of Kassan. In the courtyard of the principal mosque a tent was erected, under which they served the Russian visitors with a "dastarkhan," an abundant collation of native dishes, fruits, tea, and sweetmeats. The travellers left Kassan in the afternoon with fresh horses for Namangan, which is distant hardly forty versts; they were on the road till after nightfall, but it was illuminated for them by the country people kindling small wood-fires, which were made to burn more brightly by pouring oil upon them. Certain parties of horsemen, coming to meet the Governor-General as he approached the town, dismounted and stood in a line at the roadside, offering him a respectful salute. They afterwards rode on with his Excellency, their numbers being continually augmented till there were two or three thousand of them galloping around the Russians, presenting a curious variety of picturesque groups and figures in light of the blazing wood piles.

The town of Namangan, seen from the neighbouring hill, looked like a burning furnace; so many bonfires, torches, and other means of illumination had been prepared for the festal welcome of the Governor-General in the centre of a population of 80,000 inhabitants. When he passed into the town there was a grand display of fireworks. The streets were so thronged that it was difficult to get forward. His Excellency, after a splendid reception, could nevertheless stay but one day to rest at Namangan. From this town he and his suite were conveyed by carriages to Andijane, and thence to Osh, where they were joined by Prince Galitzine, with Mr. Charles Elliott, Secretary to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, and two officials belonging to the service of the Governor-General of Turkestan. The last-mentioned persons were in charge of a collection of articles to be distributed as gifts to the local native rulers and magnates, whose goodwill must be propitiated by all travellers in Central Asia.

Beyond Osh there was little comfort in travelling; the route was that of the ordinary caravans on their way



THE CHINESE GENERAL KOUAN AND HIS STAFF, WITH COLONEL GROMBTCHESKY, AT OULONG-TCHAT.

A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL TOUR IN CENTRAL ASIA.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF RUSSIAN TURKESTAN ON HIS JOURNEY THROUGH FERGHANA.

to Kashgar, in the Chinese dominions. Prince Galitzine was going to Kashgar, intending from that country to cross the Himalayas and to enter India. Baron Wrewsky was going as far as the Russian fort of Irkishtam, on the Chinese frontier. Quitting Osh on July 30, the expedition reached Goultcha, seventy versts distant, in one day. Resting the next day, his Excellency was visited by a most respectable old lady of high rank, named Kourban Djan Datkha, often called "the Queen of the Alai." She once actually governed all the Kirghiz tribes in Ferghana and the Alai, under the reign of the Khans of Khokand. A Kirghiz princess, of the Bouri or

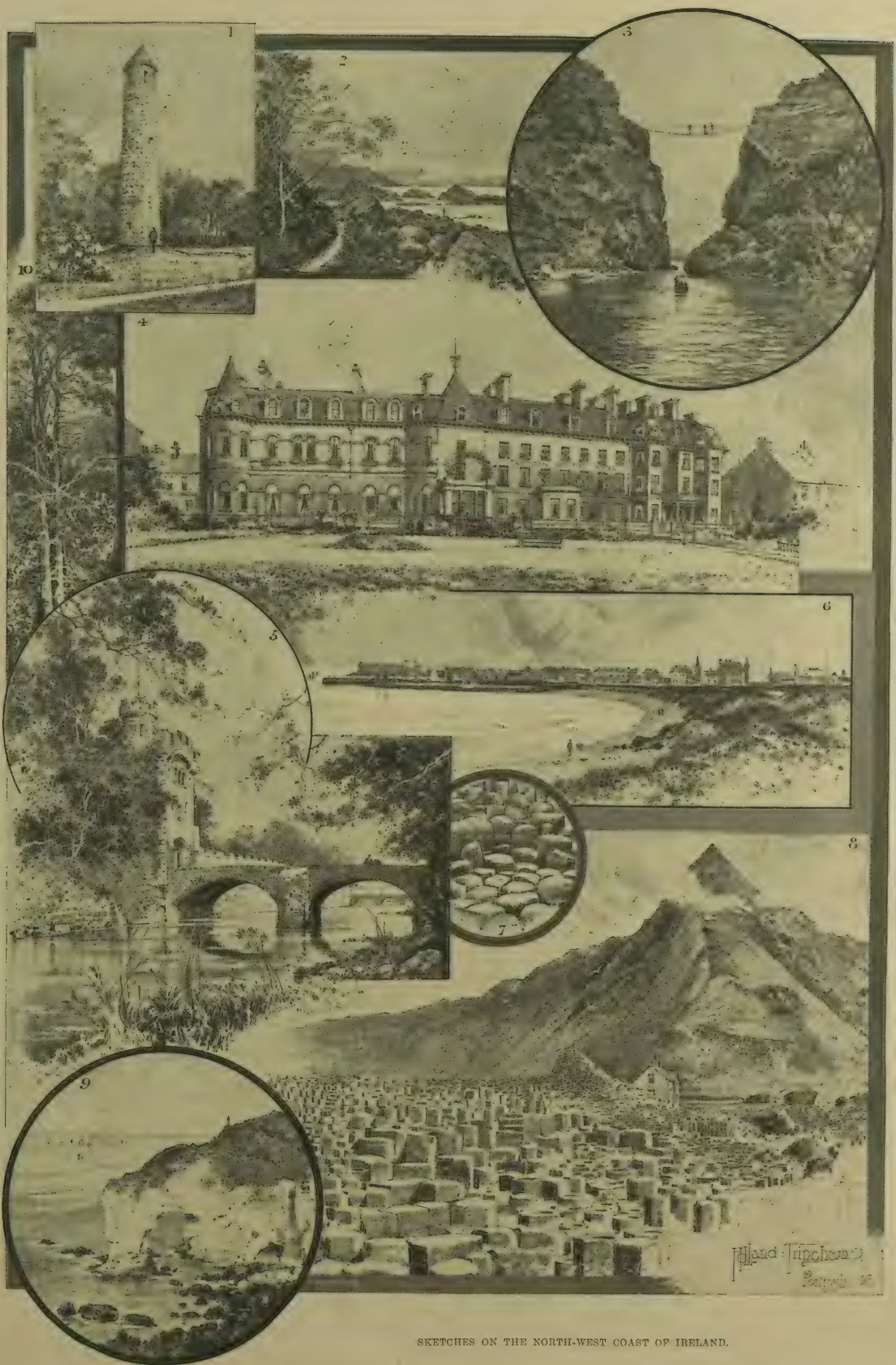
"Wolf" family, she married Alias Bek Parvanatchi, ruler of the Kirghiz in the Tian-Tsan, who took part in the civil wars of Khokand, became chief lieutenant of the reigning Khan, and was assassinated some forty years ago. His widow remained in the mountain country of her people, whom she governed as regent for her son, Abdullah Bek; and she was invested with the title of "Datkha," which means general or commander, by the favour of Khoudoiar, the late Khan of Khokand. She was in 1891 eighty-three years of age. Her eldest son, Abdullah Bek, disobeying her remonstrances and entreaties, when the Russian Empire annexed the Khanate of Khokand, fought against

General Skobeleff, was defeated, fled to Cabul, and died there of fever. She had still five sons, all in the Russian service, whose aid in keeping the Kirghiz quiet and peaceable is highly valued. Two of these sons came with their mother to greet Baron Wrewsky. The interview was one of friendly courtesies. In spite of her venerable age, Kourban Djan enjoyed robust health, strength, and activity; she mounted her horse without assistance, rode in the masculine fashion, and travelled long journeys. Her dress was that of women of the richer class among the Kirghiz people.

(To be continued.)



DERVISHES AND CALENDERS ASSEMBLED AT KASSAN, FERGHANA.



SKETCHES ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

1. An Antrim Tower.

2. Fairhead and Murlough Bay.

3. The Rope Bridge at Carriek-a-Rède.

4. Northern Counties Hotel, Portrush.

5. Entrance Gateway, Glenarm Castle.

6. Portrush Harbour.

7. The Ladies' Wishing Chair, Giant's Causeway.

8. Causeway Head.

9. White Rocks, Portrush.

10. In Glenariff.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The plague of voles which devastated the South of Scotland has practically disappeared, and this result, I notice, is alleged to be due to the attack of the natural enemies of the field-mice—hawks, owls, weasels, and other carnivorous creatures. Some time ago in these pages I suggested that the voles might exhibit, like the lemmings of Norway, the phenomenon of periodical increase—in other words, that an extreme fertility of the species might be represented at stated periods, like that of the rabbits of New Brunswick described by a correspondent. If this law of periodic increase in animals be universal, or at least common, may we not account for the increase of the voles on the one hand, by the periodic decrease of their natural enemies on the other? It is like the swing of the vital pendulum, increase and decrease being successively represented. When the natural enemies of a race are themselves well to the fore, the race is kept within limits, and *vice versa*. There may be some vital law, or set of conditions, rather, of this kind operating more widely through nature than we ever dream of as things are. The matter at least deserves biological attention, because it may serve to explain not only such facts as vole-plagues, but also the conditions under which the life and modification of a species are carried out.

That the periodical increase of a race of animals is a matter which has already attracted attention, however, is clear from several communications and suggestions which reached me subsequently to the publication of my remarks on the vole-plague. Thus I have been favoured with a copy of a most interesting paper, read before the Liverpool Biological Society by Mr. W. E. Sharp, and entitled "The Occasional Phenomenal Abundance of Certain Forms of Insect Life." I have perused Mr. Sharp's paper with interest, and, I trust, with profit. He shows, what practical entomology has taught, that certain insects may be almost as rare as sixpences in the street in ordinary years, and in other years may appear thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. The "Common White," by which familiar name the cabbage butterfly is designated, like the poor, is always with us. It never fails, and is abundant everywhere. Yet, the *Colias edusa*, which is a relation of the "Common White," is very rare, in the North of England at least, and was so until 1877, when, without apparent cause, in that late and wet summer, as Mr. Sharp puts it, "came this butterfly's Epiphany." It abounded everywhere, yet since 1877 scarcely a *Colias Edusa* has been seen where it was temporarily so plentiful.

The hawk moth is the insect with which Mr. Sharp specially deals in his paper. This moth is normally one of the rarest of our insects, says my correspondent, yet, during the last sixty years, it has appeared four times—1834, 1859, 1870, and 1888—in excessive and phenomenal abundance. Doubtless, the cause of this periodical fertility is a complex one. It may involve not one factor, but many. Temperature alone will not explain the increase, nor will rainfall, but Mr. Sharp inclines to the belief that a dry autumn is, at least, one factor in the causation; indeed, he frankly admits that atmospheric influences form only one among a set of possible causes. For myself, I seem to see that the vital constitution of an animal or plant is a summary of such complex conditions that it is worse than useless to dogmatise about the exact cause of the periodical and sudden increase, which appears to affect fish, flesh, and fowl alike. While saying so much, however, it is impossible to leave out of count the influences of environments, and in this respect Mr. Sharp's paper is of high value. There may be some cyclical law in operation, which periodically brings every species up to its point of highest increase, and then swings it back to its lowest ebb. If so, it is "the law within the law" we need to investigate; for we start with the living constitution, and end with its surroundings; and of the exact relations of the one to the other we know too little to affirm, far less to dogmatise. When the next plague of voles threatens, it may be a comfort to predict its cessation in due season; though it is to be hoped the climatic conditions and the development of vole enemies represented in the late plague have been duly noted as possible factors in the solution of the problems of the future.

A chance remark of mine on the views of a writer who inquired whether there was any foundation for the idea that chickens hatched out in incubators were less fertile as egg-producers than those which had been brought up by the mother-hen, has brought me a letter all the way from New Zealand. My correspondent says that beyond all doubt a well-made incubator is infinitely superior to what he calls the "happy-go-lucky style" of the hen rearing her chicks. This is a little hard on the hen, no doubt, who may be an anxious and demonstrative mother on occasion, as everybody knows, but my correspondent is most emphatic in saying that there is no foundation in his experience for the statement that incubator-bred chickens are less fertile than naturally hatched ones. His experience seems to have been wide, and I give it as a reply to the scientific doubt which assailed the incubator's value. He adds that people should employ a good incubator, and loudly praises Hearson's London make. American makes he has found useless, or, at least, unsatisfactory; so that an inefficient type of incubator may, perchance, account for the deficient constitution of some of the chicks therein hatched out.

Mr. Francis Galton, it is well known, is a great authority on the subject of finger-prints as a means of settling the personal identity of individuals. He has scientifically investigated this matter, which, I believe, represents a very ancient Eastern practice. In a recent publication Mr. Galton tells us that he was provided with the finger-prints of the fore and middle fingers of eight persons, the prints being taken in India in 1878 and again in 1892. The prints, it is shown, remained perfectly decipherable as evidence of identity, and this although they were not originally taken by a clear method. In the future, a finger-print may prove to be evidence of identity as reliable as a photograph; and a new class of evidence may therefore be expected to figure one day in our courts of law.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Dr. P. St.—Final diagram to hand. Hope it is really so.

ALPHA.—As we copied it, the problem admitted mate on the move. Some error evidently existed in transcription.

C. T. BLANCHARD.—Thanks, it shall have our careful consideration.

G. K. ANSELL.—Problems received, and we hope to find them as good as your last published position, which was much admired by our solvers.

SHADROTH.—We much regret to hear of Mr. J. G. Grant's death. For many years past his name has been familiar to us as a frequent correspondent.

W. F. JONES.—R to R 5th (ch) K moves; 2. Q to Q sq gives another solution to your problem.

REV. A. W. S. A. ROW.—After Black plays R takes B. White can proceed with Q to K 5th or Q takes R, Mate. A fatal dual in a two mover.

W. PERCY HIND.—Your problem is sound and we think it very good.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2567 received from W. F. Jervis (Belleville); of No. 2569 from Emile Frau (Lyons), and W. F. Jervis; of No. 2570 from Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), and H. S. Brandreth; of No. 2571 from J. F. Moon.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2572 received from Julia Short (Exeter), Howich, J. Dixon, E. E. H., R. H. Brooks, Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), G. Joicey, A. Newman, Dr. F. St. G. T. Hughes (Athy), M. A. Eyre (Boulogne), Shadforth, Edgar J. G. Piffard, T. Butcher (Cheltenham), Henry Byrnes (Torquay), J. Conad, H. S. Brandreth, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), E. C. Weatherley, H. B. Hurford, I. Desanges, T. G. Ware, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), S. W. Sutton, Martin P. J. F. Moon, T. Isaac, W. P. Hind, J. Ross (Whitley), John M. Moorat (Bath), C. M. A. B., Admiral Brandreth, T. Roberts, H. B. Fitch, E. Emmerton, J. Hall, H. Brandreth, Hereward, W. R. Raille, W. Wright, Alpha, E. Loudon, and F. O. Simpson (Liverpool).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2571.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

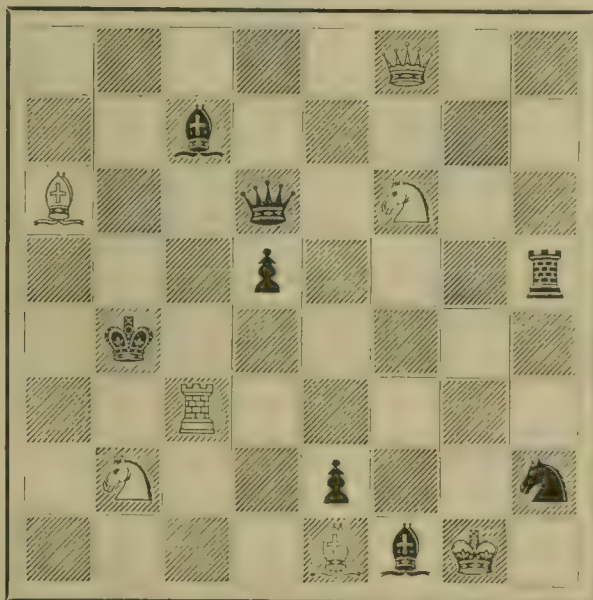
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 4th K to B 6th
2. Q takes B (ch) K takes P
3. Kt to Q 3rd. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. B to B 2nd (ch), 2. K takes Kt, 3. Kt to Kt 6th, mate if 1. B to Kt 7th, or 1. B to B 6th, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2574.

By J. F. MOON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN IRELAND.

Consultation game between MESSRS. LEE and PARNELL on the one side, and MESSRS. PEAKE and SOFFE on the other.

(Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE (L. and P.)	BLACK (P. and S.)	WHITE (L. and P.)	BLACK (P. and S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Kt to Q 5th	Q to K 4th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. Kt takes P (B 4)	
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th		
5. B to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd		
6. P to B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. B to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd		
8. Castles	B to Q 2nd		
They should have played B takes Kt, P takes B, Castles, &c.			
9. Kt to Kt 5th	Castles (Q R)	19. Kt to B 5th	Kt to B 5th
10. B takes B	P takes B	20. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
11. Q to B 2nd	P to K Kt 4th	21. Kt takes B (ch)	R takes Kt
12. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th	22. B to Kt 5th	R to Q 3rd
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	23. B takes Kt	R takes B
		24. K R to Q sq	P to B 4th
		25. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
		26. P takes P	R to K B sq
		27. R to K sq	Q to Kt 2nd
		28. Q to Q 3rd	R (B 3) to B 3rd
		29. R to K 5th	Q to Kt 4th
		30. Q R to K sq	R takes P
		31. R to K 8th (ch)	R takes R
		32. R takes R (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		33. Q to K 4th (ch)	P to B 3rd
		34. Q to K 6th	Resigns

A very doubtful move, exposing the King in this manner. We see no objection to Q to K 4th.

The Kts should have been exchanged, and the strength of the adverse combination limited thereby.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played in the championship tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club between MESSRS. DELMAR and SIMONSON.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q to B 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles	Kt takes P		
Although a recognised line of play we cannot think this so good as P to Q 3rd or Castles.			
6. P to Q 4th		14. Q R to Q sq	Kt to B 2nd
		15. B to B 4th	B to B 3rd
		16. P takes P	Kt takes P
		17. B to Q 6th	B to R 3rd
		18. B to Kt 3rd	R to K sq
		19. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
		20. R to K sq	Q to Q sq
		21. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt
		22. R takes B	K to Kt 2nd
		23. R to K 7th	Resigns

A fatal move. P to R 3rd or Kt to K sq would have been more useful for defensive purposes.

The Scotch correspondent of the *Guardian* says that "the Episcopal Church in Scotland has no more inveterate foe than the Established Church. . . . Those who know Scotland well know full well the quiet, determined enmity of the Established ministers to the Episcopal community. This enmity seems based on intense unconquerable dislike more than anything else." If this enmity exists I should think the reason must be found in the fact that the ministers of the Episcopal Church in Scotland do not recognise the validity of Presbyterian orders.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Goodwood dress is always interesting to everybody, because it is a sort of sublimated form of the garden-party attire that will be so generally wanted in the course of the next few weeks. The Goodwood dresses this time seemed to me to be not less pretty, but less costly than usual. Some, of course, were of silk. One of mauve soft silk was strikingly made, with a deep full flounce of the same reaching from the foot to midway between the waist and knee, and headed by a large piping cord; this flounce, in its turn, was trimmed round the bottom with three narrow pinked-out flounces of the same material. The bodice was made in the new style that allows of no seam at the back, the centre-piece being so fully shaped in the cut of the two under-arm seams as to fit close without a seam intervening between these two; in front it had a yoke of the same silk trimmed round with flat white lace insertion, under which the silk was gathered closely to form a vest, narrowing to the waist. In another dress of foulard, the ground of which was a pale grey shading to mauve in other lights, with a pattern laid over the shading of pale blue sprays, the trimming of the bodice was a bib of real Honiton lace flouncing run on the edge of a bit of fine white net, so that the lace began just above the bust and fell to the waist, a change from the "jabot" of lace against the face. This "bib" method of trimming is extremely popular for all light material dresses. It may either fall over a plain bodice or between revers from shoulder to waist.

Black and white worn together are most popular. A black dress trimmed with white lace would have seemed *outré* a little while ago, but now it is in perfect style. A pretty one prepared for Goodwood was of black poult-de-soie, with two flounces of black chiffon edged with deep white insertion going round midway between waist and knees; the bodice had deep cuffs of the silk, and above the elbow a puff of the black chiffon caught round with the white lace into three puffs, and a bib of black chiffon edged deeply with white lace. Another was of black silk crêpon, the bodice full in to the waist and trimmed only by a deep gathered collar of white guipure, of which lace also seven flat bands ran round the black skirt. A smart frock was of pale green silk, with graduated strips of black satin round the skirt, at four inches' intervals all the way up; the bodice was made with a short zouave of the green that turned back into wide frilled revers over the shoulders, and these were lined with black satin so that the lining showed; beneath this zouave, so as to almost cover the front of the bodice, leaving just a centre of the green like a vest, there was a second shaped-jacket, or under-zouave, of white lace; and a black satin band surrounded the waist. A large green clip hat, trimmed with white lace run on to black satin ribbon and the two made up into bows together, finished this costume. Another instance of the admixture of black and white with another colour was a tan crêpon with a deep flounce of black net edged with white lace on the skirt; the full sleeves ended a little below the elbow in a deep fall of black net edged with white lace, and this also made a bib front over a bodice that sat close to the figure, and was trimmed with a number of longitudinal rows of the narrowest possible brown and gold bead passementerie. After all, however, by far the prettiest costumes were those of the numerous and indescribable patterned muslins, chené silks, and other soft fancy materials.

In the August number of a clever and original new magazine, published under the editorship of Mrs. Woodhull Martin, with the title of *The Humanitarian*, there is a story by Mr. Walter Besant, an article on drunkenness by Archdeacon Farrar, and a very interesting discussion on the question of whether it is right for women to take thought and care about dress by the clever lady who writes as "Sarah Grand," and whose novel, "The Heavenly Twins," is being a good deal talked of at present. I have not read her novel, but her paper is excellent, though crude in style, and too vehement in some of its assertions—such as in a violent attack on "the average society woman," whom she declares to be "a bad wife, a bad mother, and a false friend; for intellect, she has shrewdness and cunning; for religion, a rotten conglomerate of superstitions . . . for virtue, the hope of not being found out; while for charity, good feeling, modesty, and every womanly attribute she substitutes tact." This is not a true picture of "the average woman" in any station of life, and no woman should indulge in such sweeping abuse of any class of her sex. Not less exaggerated is her statement that "women would have had the suffrage long ago had not some of the first fighters for it been unprepossessing women." But the main point that she sets out to prove is one that I have often insisted upon. It is that dress, and how to make a nice appearance generally, forms a topic of real importance for every woman, and that the exercise of her intellect and the gaining of honour in any branch of learning or achievement does not absolve her from the responsibility of making herself look as agreeable as she can, but the exact reverse, since she has in that case the duty of proving that a woman may be a thinking creature and yet as attractive in person and pleasant in manner as an empty-headed doll. Of course, all clever women cannot be beautiful, but then, happily, neither are all, or even most, of the stupid ones; and I am convinced that it is the fault of the clever women themselves if they allow themselves to be beaten from the field in this respect, for intellect itself is a form of beauty, and wins admiration if worn graciously. A pleasant countenance, a gracious manner, a well-modulated voice, and attire chosen with due thought towards the style and the complexion of the wearer, are all parts of those externals that insensibly but most powerfully influence the opinions of others about an individual, and predispose them to admire and copy, or the reverse. It is one of the most false statements possible which is often made to children by shallow nurses and mothers, that "beauty is of no consequence." A nice aspect is, on the contrary, as Bacon said, "a letter of recommendation;" and as to dress, its influence in improving the effect of the natural good points and shading down the poor ones is so great that it must be considered as in its measure a matter of real importance.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—MRS. A. L. SWYNNERTON.



ELIZABETH HANBURY, A QUAKER CENTENARIAN.—PERCY BIGLAND.



"A NORWEGIAN HOUSEWIFE."—MISS FLORA M. REID.



"CAIN'S FIRST CRIME."—C. N. KENNEDY.

PICTURES IN THE NEW GALLERY.

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"Of absolute purity and freedom from alkali, Cadbury's Cocoa may be prescribed without hesitation with the certainty of obtaining uniform and gratifying results."—*Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine*.

"We have examined the samples brought under our notice, and find that they are genuine, and that the Cocoa Essence is just what it is declared to be by Cadbury Brothers."—*Lancet*.

"Cadbury's Cocoa contains in a condensed and increased form all the nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean, the proportion of flesh-forming ingredients being twenty-one, as compared with thirteen in natural Cocoa (Cocoa-nibs), and the meagre proportion of six in the ordinary Cocoas of Commerce prepared with added starch and sugar. Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and always alike in quality."—*The Analyst*.

"The Editor of the *Medical Annual* speaks in the highest terms of Cadbury's Cocoa as a beverage and a food for invalids, on account of its absolute purity, high quality, and great solubility, and counsels the medical profession to remember, in recommending Cocoa, that the name of Cadbury on any packet is a guarantee of purity."

"Cadbury's Cocoa is an admirable preparation, free from all starchy and oily matter. . . . An unusually valuable and reliable form of food. . . . Of absolute purity and freedom from alkali. . . . An invaluable addition to our dietetic resources in the treatment of all forms of digestive disorders."—*Braithwaite*.

In an entertaining article on Eating and Drinking, in *Tinsley's Magazine*, it is remarked that improvements effected in recent years in the manufacture of Cocoa have been brought about "without any admixture of alkalies, starch, sugar, or sago, but simply as the result of more scientific treatment." The Cocoa that perfectly answers this description is Cadbury's Cocoa, which is guaranteed absolutely pure; among the Cocoas that do not answer the description are those of foreign make, notably the Dutch, in which alkalies and other injurious colouring matters are introduced.

"It is firms like Cadbury's which have done so much to render cocoa a welcome article of diet."—*London Figaro*.

"Has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily

vigour, with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."—*Health*.

"It is a noteworthy fact that of the enormous quantity of Cocoa imported into England nearly one-third is cleared by the great firm of Messrs. Cadbury."—*County Gentleman*.

"Any visitor who can enjoy the privilege of being conducted over Cadbury's vast establishment, and of noting the ordered regularity and cleanliness with which every process is carried out, will certainly feel an added sense of security when he enjoys his breakfast cup of Cocoa—that is, if it has come from Bournville."—*Winter's Weekly*.

"Messrs. Cadbury send Cocoa forth in infinite variety, from the tins of Cocoa that make so pleasing a breakfast cup and the biscuits that have become so popular to the sweets which the juveniles and those of older growth so freely patronise."—*Mercury*.

"Cadbury's Cocoa is a beverage whose purity and nutritious qualities rank it as one of the most important of our domestic beverages."—*Hereford Journal*.

"The charming village of Bournville, where the rural manufactories of Cadbury's Cocoa are situated, 'far from the noise and smoke of town,' is a veritable Worcestershire Eden. There are delightful playgrounds for the girls and recreation grounds for the men among the trees of Bournville."—*Christian Leader*.

"The Cocoa butter, or fat, which is present in pure Cocoa to the extent of 50 per cent., and which has, on account of its indigestibility, formed a formidable obstacle to the use of Cocoa in the past, is extracted by a patent process belonging solely to Messrs. Cadbury. The residuum is soon converted into a powder, and forms their world-wide known Cocoa Essence."—*Health*.

Mr. OTTO HEHNER, Public Analyst, London, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Public Analysts, reports that certain foreign Cocoas contain about 3 per cent. of added carbonate of potash, but that Cadbury's Cocoa contains no added alkali whatever.

Mr. T. EUSTACE HILL, M.B., Analyst, Birmingham, certifies that in the foreign Cocoas there is a large

excess of potash salts over that contained in the nibs of Cadbury's Cocoa Essence. The excess of alkali, he adds, must be undesirable from a dietetic point of view.

Mr. J. CARTER BELL, A.R.S.M., F.I.C., Manchester, Analyst for the County of Chester and for the boroughs of Salford, Birkenhead, Stalybridge, &c., testifies to the like effect.

Dr. A. J. H. CRESPI says: "Perfectly pure brands, like Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, never thicken on the application of heat, nor do they, like the foreign Cocoas, contain dangerous and objectionable alkaline salts."

"Cadbury's Cocoa Essence has now become a household word, and we are pleased to see that, while this great firm spares no effort to keep up the high standard of purity for which its products are famed, it takes every care to make the lot of the workers at Bournville a happy one. Unfortunately, in many chocolate works the reverse is the case, and the comfort of the workers the last consideration."—*Food, Drugs, and Drink*.

"It is well known that disturbance of the digestive functions is a concomitant of sea-voyaging in the case of many persons, and the evil is increased by the difficulty of finding a food easy of digestion and sufficiently nutritious, apart from any question of the dietetic treatment of sea-sickness. It has recently been brought under our notice that Cadbury's Cocoa is a food which is growing rapidly in favour on board ships. Invalids and others by experience seem not only to relish this Cocoa as a beverage, but to find it nutritious and supporting under conditions of life when it is impossible or undesirable to take an ordinary diet. This is, in truth, a new application of Cocoa as a food, and we incline to believe that the stimulating properties of the Cocoa have also to be regarded as no unimportant element in the benefits which accrue from its use. Expectation would, of course, lead us to suppose that Cadbury's Cocoa would form an ideal diet for persons who travel by sea; it is, therefore, interesting to find this expectation realised by the experience of voyagers. It may not prevent sea-sickness—no food will—but it will give strength and support under that or any other condition of body where light and nourishing diet is a *sine qua non*."—"Cocoa for Sea-Voyagers," by Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It was about the summer of the year 1880 that I was asked by the management of the St. James's Theatre to undertake an adaptation of a play by Albert Delpit, called "Le Fils de Coralie," which had been recently produced at the Gymnase, in Paris. The story was briefly this. A woman of hitherto abominable reputation, who had accumulated a fortune by the proceeds of her infamy and recklessness, sought to live down her shame in an out-of-the-way part of the country. And so she did. Nature and green trees, and buttercups and the remorse of a pure life reformed her. As for herself, she was sad. For the past bit into her like the fibres of a cancer. But she had a son who was the idol of her life. He was so pure and innocent that Madame Coralie, assisted by the blue bells and the buttercups, thought she was innocent also. Such things are done by reformed rakes of both sexes. But alas! irrevocable and irresistible fate willed it otherwise. Sins have an unfortunate habit of finding one out. We cannot, try as we will, live down the evil of our days, and women like Coralie are punished in the dearest things that belong to them. Coralie's innocent son loved a virtuous girl. They were about to be married, not knowing anything about the repentant Coralie, and when the contract came to be signed the crash came. The marriage was broken off, and the son of Coralie became aware that his excellent mother was a reformed wanton.

Now Mr. Oscar Wilde may or may not have heard of this play, or in his omnivorous reading he may have come across a novel called "Montjoye," which was merely the "Fils de Coralie" story turned into a book because its author could not induce a single Parisian manager to look at his play. When the novel was successful he pulled out his old discarded play. But it does not very much matter whether Mr. Oscar Wilde ever read the novel or saw the play. His "Woman of No Importance" is a vastly better work in dramatic fiction than the Frenchman ever gave us. There are certain points of resemblance, but, after all, they are very trivial. The charge of plagiarism brought against the author of "A Woman of No Importance" in connection with the "Fils de Coralie" may be instantly dismissed.

On reading about Mr. Wilde's play when I was away the impression conveyed to my mind was that this really fine drama was merely the framework for the fizzing and spluttering of the Oscar Wilde fireworks. Nothing of the kind. The comedy scenes are extremely well written, light, pungent, observant, sarcastic, and amusing; but when Mr. Oscar Wilde is serious and writes seriously,

when he puts off the cap and bells and removes the jester's mask, then he rises with his subject and elevates it at every soar. The last act of "A Woman of No Importance" shows Mr. Oscar Wilde at his very best. He is no longer Oscar Wilde. He is posing no more. He has ceased to laugh behind his sleeve. He is drawing men and women, and showing that he understands them. To compare such a play as this with "Lady Windermere's Fan" is, to my mind, childish. The one was a clever, immature work; but this Haymarket play "almost persuades me to be" a convert to Oscar Wilde. Here he is strong, poetical, sympathetic, virile, and his men and women never err against the laws of nature. We are not perpetually asking ourselves "Would a woman so situated do that," or "Would a man so circumstanced do the other thing?" Mr. Oscar Wilde's puppets do not stand on their heads. They are well balanced.

We are always saying, when we are struck with a particular performance, "It is by far the best thing he or she has ever done." Well, on that line I really do not think that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has ever shown such mastery of subtle effect, acquired by apparently the simplest means, than as the cool, blasé, man-of-the-world, husband and father in this particular play. Mr. Tree has the wonderful art of completely transforming himself. He looked well as Captain Swift; he looks better as the husband of the Woman of No Importance. Notice his air of distinction, how he holds himself, how he wears his clothes, how he becomes another man, not because he is dressed up differently or made up differently, but because for the time being he is in another man's skin. There is the art of it. Polish and breeding and sublimated insolence are in every pore of this man's skin. And withal the wretch has a vein of tenderness through it all. Society has given him the veneer, but scratch it off and you will find a remnant of a heart. The man must have had something lovable about him or that particular woman would never have loved him. I wish we could see more of Mr. Tree in these characters. He is one of the first of our English comedians, observant, pungent, analytic. But I suppose we must allow him occasionally to dance off with his Romeos and Hamlets and Gringoes. But nearly all of them in the Haymarket company appear to break the record. Mrs. Bernard Beere has certainly done nothing better than her great last act in this fine play. She is in the part, body and soul, heart and nerves. She feels what she does. This is no acting, no exhibition of tricks. The woman, so far as we can see, is terribly agitated, but the whole tone and colour of the composition are good. There is no trace of staginess or excess. Mrs. Beere plays the part, or rather paints the part, in low colours. It has just that atmosphere of grey sorrow that we see in the

pictures of Israels. To say that Mrs. Tree has done nothing better than this talkative, satirical lady of modern society would be unfair, because she has given us, perhaps, the best Ophelia of our time. But if, in this instance, Mrs. Bernard Beere is an Israels, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree is a Van Beers. Her defiant want of earnestness is delightful. Society has sharpened her wit and succeeded in smothering her heart. There is nothing so well worth seeing in London now as "A Woman of No Importance." If he goes on like this, Mr. Oscar Wilde will himself be persuaded that the stage can be made a serious platform as well as the spring-board for the leaps of athletic literary mountebanks.

Free trade in amusements is what I have ever advocated. The Gaiety is throwing off the mask, and frankly declaring that here, without smoke or drink, in the body of the theatre, you can enjoy the brightest of clever talent. Mr. Arthur Roberts is away; Miss Florence St. John is out of the bills, Mr. Eric Lewis is a temporary absentee, so the Gaiety encourages the music hall turn. Soon we shall have legitimate actors and actresses driving over London and giving a turn at the playhouse. Of Mr. Tom Browne, "America's Greatest Whistler," I have already spoken. I heard him in New York, I heard him on board the Aurania in mid-Atlantic, I heard him at the Tivoli, and now I have heard him at his best at the Gaiety. He whistles as he mixes cock-tails. This is what he did in a trip to Chinatown. His whistling secured him three encores, and his cocktails have yet to be tasted. Every musician will appreciate Tom Browne. The technique of the whistler has never been so perfectly shown. Since in old days I heard James Molloy, the composer, whistle at the piano any kind of music, from the complete score of "Faust" to the gems of Irish minstrelsy, I have never heard such whistling as that of Tom Browne. Mdle. Mealy is a French singer, not up-to-date but after-date. Many of us have heard "Ne me chatouillez pas" better rendered. It is a pity sometimes to evoke comparison. Judic at her best is not to be forgotten in an instant. The present generation of singers can no more understand "La Pille de Madame Angot" than can Mdle. Mealy deliver "Ne me chatouillez pas." Cissy Loftus is a little genius before her time. She is wonderfully clever, but immature. She ought to have been kept back a year or so. But talent pushes its way to the front and cannot be resisted. Miss Loftus imitates Marie Lloyd and Letty Lind and Eugene Stratton, and all the music hall stars. When the girl is physically stronger she will be artistically more effective. But, as it was, these three despised music hall artists were the gem of the entertainment.

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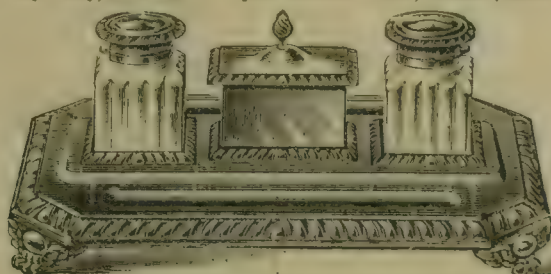
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Feb. 2, 1893) of Mr. James Netterville Atkinson, late of Ashley Park, Nenagh, Tipperary, who died on May 22, granted to Mrs. Margaret Teresa Atkinson, the widow, and John Atkinson, the brother, the executors, was resealed in London on July 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £58,000. The testator, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement, leaves £6000 for the use of his wife for life, and then for his daughters; he also leaves to his wife the use, rent free, of his residence, Ashley Park. He gives £2000, charged on his settled estate, and £8000 out of his personal estate to his daughter Gustava Mary; a similar legacy to his daughter Kathleen; £2000 charged on his settled estate to his daughter Alice; £3000 and £500 as executor and trustee to his brother John Atkinson; £900 upon trust for the widow of James Murphy and her children; £100 to Sidney Russell; and £50 to his agent, George Frend. He appoints his daughter Alice, on her attaining twenty-one, residuary legatee.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1890) of Mr. Thomas Phillips Elphinstone, late of Cranemoor Lodge, Christchurch, Hants, who died on May 23, was proved on July 20 by William Dickason Retch, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £49,000. The testator bequeaths £5382, upon trust, for his sister Maria Pillans, for life, and then for her four children; £4482, upon trust, for his sister Julia Mary Oldfield, for life, and then for her four daughters; £3000, upon trust, for his sister Charlotte Amelia Elphinstone, for life, and then for her children; £1500 each to the four children of his sister Mrs. Pillans and the four daughters of his sister Mrs. Oldfield; and £200 to his nephew John Elphinstone Ryrie Oldfield; and £200 to his executor. The residue of his estate and substance, real and personal, he gives to his brother, John Elphinstone.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1892) of Mrs. Catherine Hester Hemming, late of 15, Grosvenor Place, and of Caerhŷn and Pabo Hall, Carnarvonshire, who died on April 10, at Bath, was proved on July 19 by Mrs. Florence Louisa Boyd Rochfort and Mrs. Gwendoline Harriet Wood, the daughters, and Ephraim Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The lands and hereditaments of her late husband, Richard Hemming, in North Wales, she appoints, under the power given to her by his will, to the use of his daughter Beatrice Sophia Gough, for life, with remainder to her first and every other son successively, according to seniority in tail male, and the furniture and effects at Caerhŷn she gives to the person who shall take under her said appointment. She bequeaths the furniture and indoor and outdoor effects at Pabo Hall and £10,000 to her daughter Mrs. Wood; 15, Grosvenor Place, to her daughter Mrs. Rochfort; £1000 to her son-in-law the said Ephraim Wood; £500 to her daughter-in-law Mrs. Caroline Hemming, the widow of her deceased son Richard; and legacies to two granddaughters. The Pabo Hall estate, Carnarvonshire, and a farm in Denbighshire she devises to the use of her daughter

Mrs. Wood for life, with remainder to her husband, the said Ephraim Wood, for life, then, upon trusts, for sale, the proceeds to go to the children or remoter issue of her said daughter as she shall by deed or will appoint. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughters Mrs. Rochfort and Mrs. Boyd, in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of a mutual trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 26, 1892) of Lieutenant-Colonel John Ramage Dawson, of Balado, Kinross-shire, and 54, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, who died on Nov. 28, granted to Mrs. Margaret Anderson Ramage Dawson, the widow, and four others, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £32,000.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1878) of Mr. Robert Allen, late of Norfolk House, London Road, West Croydon, who died on March 19, was proved on July 22 by Mrs. Hannah Frances Allen, the widow, George John Allen, the son, and Henry John Riches, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his wife; £200 each to his sisters Susannah Powell and Eliza Langley; and £100 each to his executor, Mr. Riches, his niece, Isabella Keeler, and his nephew, Robert Allen. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay, during the life of his wife, £200 each to his daughter, Hannah Emma Cautley, and his son, George John Allen, and the remainder of the income to his wife. At her death he makes specific gifts of various freehold and leasehold properties to his said son and daughter, and gives the ultimate residue to them equally.

The will (dated May 11, 1893) of Mrs. Margaret Dennistoun Brown, late of 26, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, and Balloch Castle, Dumbartonshire, who died on May 26, was proved on July 20 by John Henry Brunel Noble and Oswald Ernest Cresswell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix gives £500 to her cousin and goddaughter Isabella Meta Bell, and two or three other legacies. The residue of her estate, real and personal, she leaves to her four daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1888) of Mr. Benjamin Bond Bond-Cabbell, D.L., J.P., late of Cromer Hall, Cromer, Norfolk, who died on May 25, was proved on July 21 by Charles Mackintosh Rodger, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator confirms his marriage settlement, and declares that the provision made for his wife and children by his will is in addition thereto and not in substitution thereof; and he bequeaths £200 and all his jewellery, plate, furniture, books, pictures, wines, and articles of household use or ornament to his wife, Mrs. Beatrice Evelyn Bond-Cabbell. In the event of his leaving a son, he leaves £2000 per annum to his wife during widowhood; £10,000 to each of his younger children; and the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate to his

eldest son. If he shall leave no son, he leaves the whole of the income of the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his daughters; but if he shall not leave any daughters, to the children of his sister, Margaret Gordon Hamilton.

The will of Mr. Lewis Lloyd, late of Liverpool and Manchester, cotton broker, and of Maesmôr, Llandudno, who died on May 27, was proved on July 17 by Mrs. Julia Mary Lloyd, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6732.

The will of Mr. James Ripley Osgood, late of Boston, United States, and 161A, Piccadilly, who died on May 18, 1892, was proved on July 12 by Henry Munroe Rogers, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5869.

The will of Mr. Henry Huffam, late of Heple, York-shire, who died on June 2, was proved on July 17 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Huffam, the widow, and John Seymour and Moss Blundell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5173.

The Cambridge University Extension students, to the number of more than six hundred, assembled at Cambridge on Saturday, July 29, and were received by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Peile, Master of Christ's College, with other Heads of Colleges and Professors, at the Guildhall, where Professor R. C. Jebb, M.P., the Regius Professor of Greek, read an inaugural address on "The Work of the Universities for the Nation."

Not every learned society produces "Transactions" so well worth perusal as the volume just issued by the English Goethe Society. The scope of this society, under the presidency of Professor Edward Dowden, has, since 1891, embraced the consideration of other fields of German literature than that so worthily occupied by Goethe. And in addition to the plane of thought denominated literature, its members discuss at the society's meetings various phases and great teachers of German art and science. Some of the contents of this book (published by David Nutt) deserve individual mention. For the first time there is a complete translation of Goethe's "Roman Elegies." Sir Theodore Martin has gracefully retained the characteristics of the verse with much success. A scholarly comparison between Goethe and Wordsworth, from the pen of Mr. R. A. J. Meusch, precedes one of the most interesting articles in the volume. This deals with Chamisso, a biologist and botanist whose fame could hardly have had a more choice memorial than the paper by Dr. Eugene Oswald, the secretary to the society. With many felicitous touches, evidencing a complete acquaintance with his subject, Dr. Oswald draws a pleasing portrait of Chamisso. Other articles deal with such subjects as "Goethe's Earliest Critics in England," by R. G. Alford, and "Goethe as Minister of State," by Ella Hagemann. The secretary's address of this interesting society, which has many distinguished members, is 49, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.

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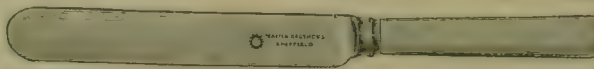
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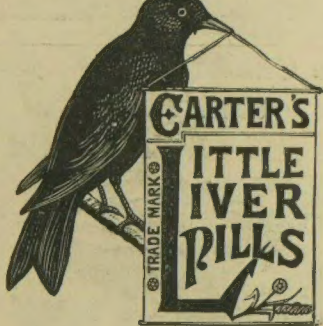
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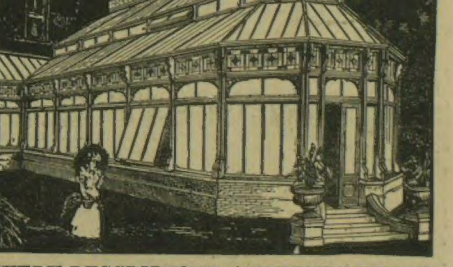
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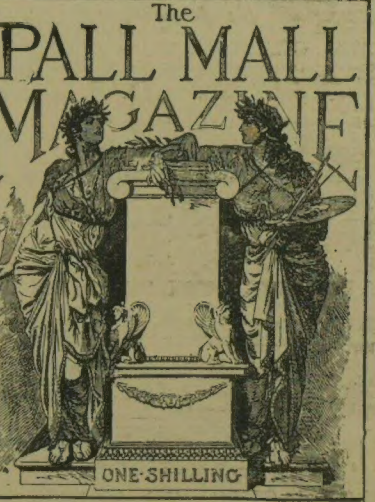
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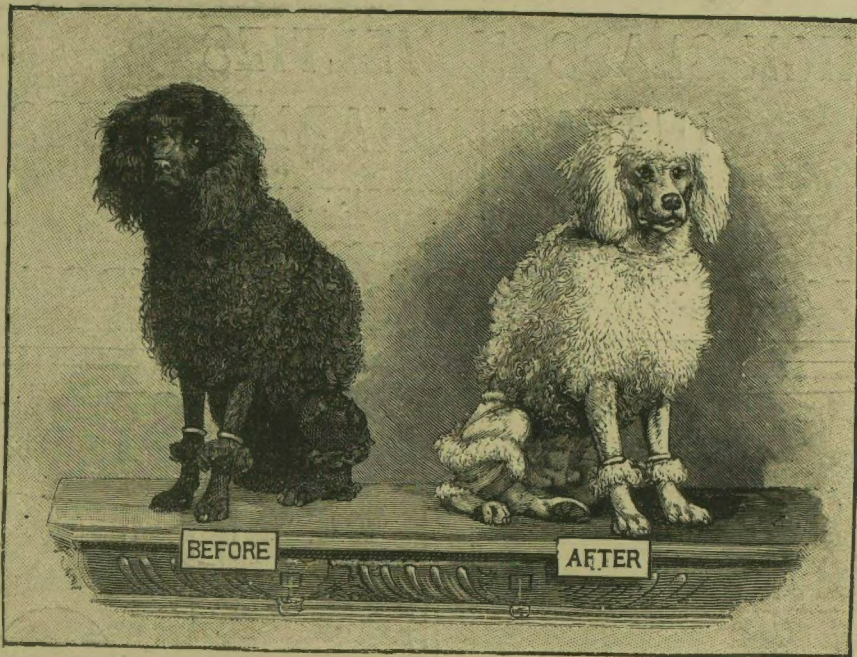
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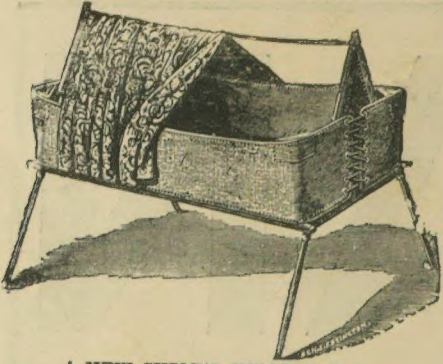
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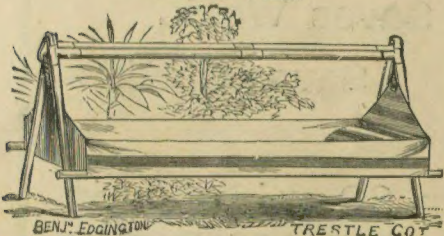


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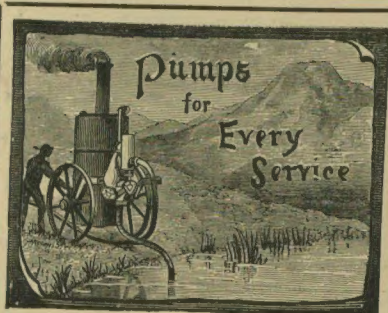
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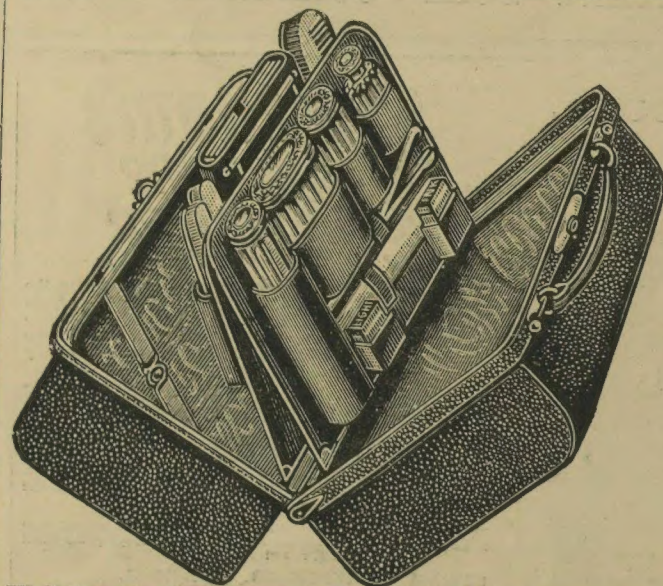
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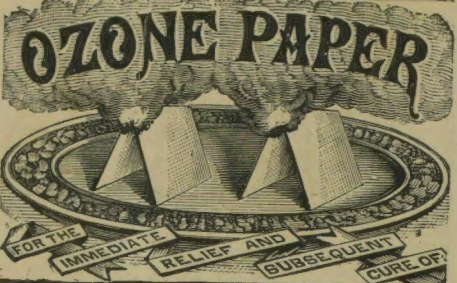
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